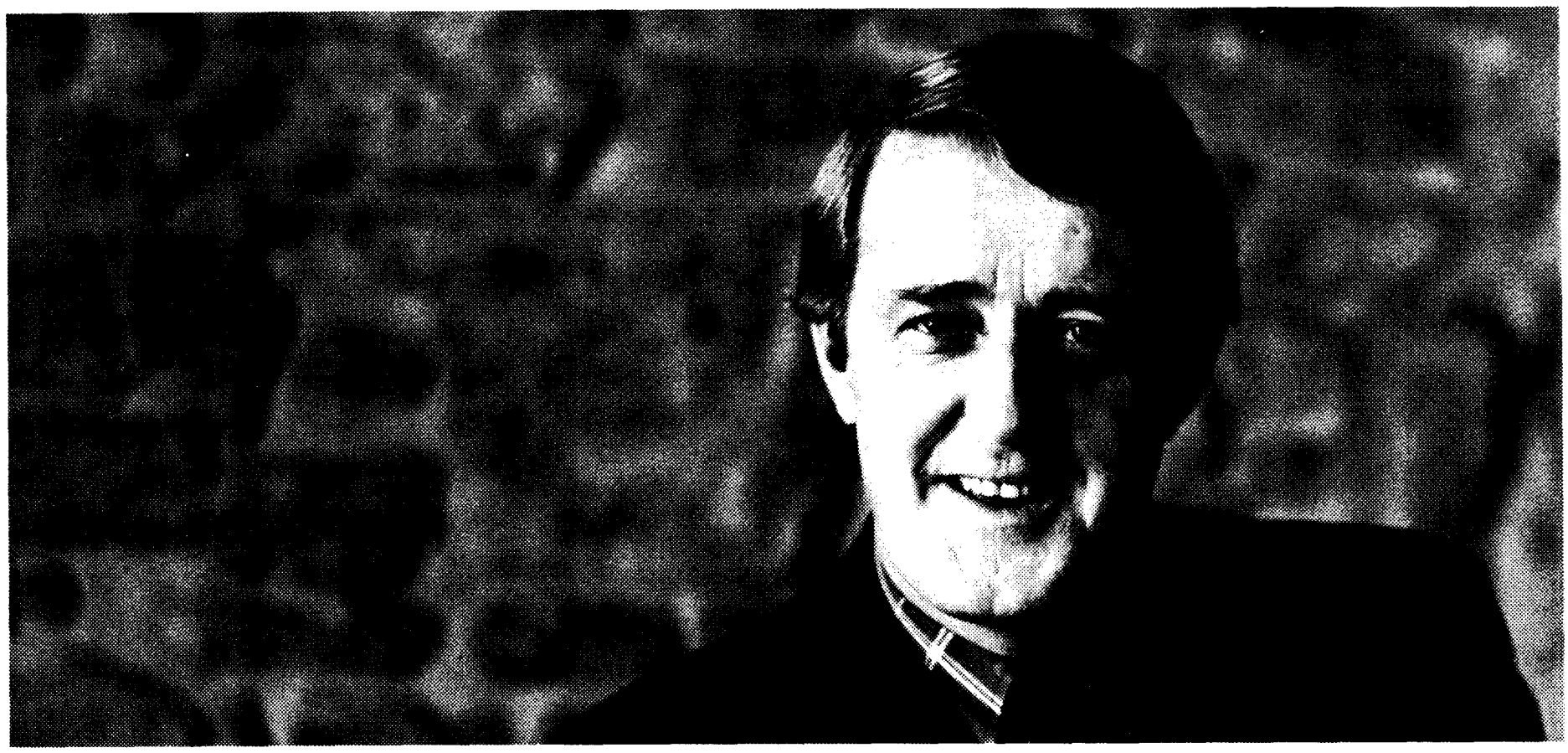
THE UBYSSEY

— FINAL EDITION —



An interview with Brian Mulroney.

In a recent interview with the new leader of the Progressive Conservative Party, we asked seven key questions. His answers to these questions will be of interest to every young Canadian.

Question: *Mr. Mulroney, both in your leadership campaign and in your speeches since last June, you have stressed the need for improved productivity and a serious research and development strategy. What precisely does that mean for Canada's youth?*

Brian Mulroney: The answer can be expressed in three words: jobs, investment, and growth. Jobs because employment opportunities for Canada's 545,000 unemployed youth can only be secured in sectors with a real future. Investment because research and development, that is expenditure in new products, new ideas, new processes, provides the basis of tomorrow's winning sectors. Growth because without it, there is no basis for making our way in the world, for tackling the tragedy of 1.6 million unemployed Canadians.

Question: *Is there anything specific you would do to get jobs for youth?*

Brian Mulroney: We will provide increased incentives to employers to hire and train young people. A Progressive Conservative government will significantly expand wage subsidy programs, such as the career access program. We will also substitute a program of refundable employer tax credits, to credit employers with a portion of their income, or federal payroll taxes, where they agree to hire and train young people for a fixed period. We will greatly improve existing "information exchanges" through which young people become aware of job opportunities. Clearly, as job displacement centers, the Canada Employment centers are not performing adequately. And we will institute programs specifically designed to address chronic unemployment which tragically plagues certain regions of Canada.

Question: *Is our record in R & D really so bad?*

Brian Mulroney: Just look at the figures. Under 15 years of Liberal rule, we actually reduced our spending on R & D from 1.29 to 1.13 of total GNP. All of our industrial competitors are spending almost double that, while Japan has a goal of spending 3%. Put it this way: there is one company in West Germany spending more on research than all of Canada combined! The Progressive Conservative Party is committed to increasing our R & D commitment to 2.5% of GNP. We've got a lot of ground to make up in the technology race.

Question: *How does R & D relate to our unemployment crisis?*

Brian Mulroney: Someone once told me that while love makes the world go round, research and development makes it go forward. The National Research Council estimates that for every additional one per cent of GNP committed to R & D, 800,000 jobs are created. Look around at the sectors which are growing: pharmaceuticals, computers, electronics, biotechnology, telecommunications. These are all sectors where the R & D component of spending is very high. They are also the sectors creating new jobs.

Question: *Is R & D important only for high tech sectors?*

Brian Mulroney: On the contrary, R & D is important for every sector, including traditional sectors like forestry, mining and agriculture. Look at how our enormous productivity improvement in agriculture has been assisted by our research efforts in disease control, pesticides, weather prediction and animal husbandry. That's why I say the real challenge facing Canada is to apply new technology in old as well as new industries.

Question: *You are almost calling for shock treatment to our economy.*

Brian Mulroney: When 545,000 young people are out of work, when we have a negative balance of trade in high technology goods of more than $7.5 billion, I recognize a crisis at hand. We must formulate a dramatic, innovative, and long-term tax system to increase investment in technology. We must assure that meaningful jobs exist for our youth.

Question: *You seem to have a personal interest in this subject.*

Brian Mulroney: Anyone interested in the future of this country or the world at large has to take a personal interest. These new technologies – silicon chips, satellite technology, biotechnology and the like – are having a profound effect on our society. They are both a curse and a blessing. But I think that when we can get our government programs relevant again, we can get real growth and jobs for our people.

For further information about the P.C. Party or your P.C. Campus Association phone (613) 238-6111 or write: P.C. Youth Information, Suite 200, 161 Laurier Ave. West, Ottawa, Ontario K1P 5J2

P.C. YOUTH FEDERATION OF CANADA

P C

Kentucky Fried Religion

Maranatha Serves Up Jesus On A Platter

By MURIEL DRAAISMA

Jesus was a radical and that is what we are. We are radicals for Jesus. We want to turn this town upside down for Jesus."

—Maranatha founder Bob Weiner
Paducah, Kentucky, 1972

Bob Weiner steps boldly onto the stage. His gold ring flashing in the light, he smiles his heavenly smile. Some 50 well-dressed students gathered at the front of the stage begin to raise their arms toward the founder.

"Praise the Lord," says Weiner. "Amen. Thank you, Jesus!"

Build an army for God, they sing, clapping and stamping. For opening prayer, students are herded by Maranatha elders into even rows in the middle of this large, theatre-like room at UBC. They hold hands. Weiner urges them to have faith in themselves and in Jesus.

"I want you to look into my eyes and I'll tell you something that'll get you excited," he says. "Everyone is this room is special — you have a destiny. God has a plan for every person and every university student. Amen."

Weiner's delivery is fast. He speaks almost non-stop for two hours, the words rolling off his lips. Words and phrases are frequently repeated, sentences punctuated with an "Amen!" It is an intensely draining presentation.

The students appear to enjoy the talk. They look earnestly at Weiner and smile, perhaps contemplating salvation.

They have come to hear they have the power to change Canada — the world is within their grasp. Weiner predicts the religious revival sweeping the U.S., which is drawing thousands of university students into the Maranatha fold, will soon sweep Canada.

"Righteousness, peace and God — that's what we're going to bring to university campuses. We need the spirit of might to turn this country around."

The message is simple and direct: students should devote themselves 100 per cent to Jesus. They should be Christians first, students second. God must be the final authority in their lives.

Weiner and the growing group of UBC Maranathas have even greater expectations. They want to convert international students studying here in the hope they will spread the Maranatha word when they return to their homelands.

"God's called you internationals to preach in your nation, amen. If God's called you to preach, don't worry about your parents paying for your four-year degree. How dare you not come to Jesus if you're called to be a member of His body!"

Bob Weiner, director of 60 Maranatha campus ministries in the U.S., three in Canada and scores of others across the globe, emanated success last week at UBC. He's come a long way since he established the first Maranatha Christian Centre in Paducah, Kentucky, and plans to go a lot further. A glossy magazine available at his speech has a prominent photo of a smiling Ronald and Nancy Reagan. The text reads: "I know that the young people whose lives you have enriched with your ministry will become splendid citizens and responsible caretakers of our heritage of liberty." Weiner wants to plant the Maranatha seed on every Canadian campus by Dec. 31, 1985.

Maranatha — it means "Come, Lord Jesus" — is on the move. But to plant a lot of seeds, you can step on a lot of toes. Maranatha ministries at the universities of Waterloo and Toronto were treated suspiciously by student bureaucrats and some campus chaplains, who questioned their tactics and sources of funding.

Their activities even came to the attention of the Council On Mind Abuse, an organization opposed to cults, who reported calls from parents seeking advice on coping with their offspring's detachment after joining Maranatha.

At UBC, a campus chaplain says he received several complaints from upset students, parents and counsellors after Maranatha's recruitment drives in September and March. Rev. George Hermanson says he is disturbed by the Maranathas' targeting of international and first year students. Unsuspecting and lonely at the beginning of the school year, harried and worried during exams, they are two groups vulnerable to being preyed upon, he says.

The Maranathas tried to obtain the names and addresses of UBC's 900 foreign students from International House's list last summer, as well as a computer listing of first year students from the university's registrar. The requests were refused, both denials citing UBC's policy "to deny requests for access to student information to clubs which have a sectarian or political affiliation."

International House director Rorri McBlane says he had reasons other than policy for his refusal. "We're concerned about people being manipulated at a vulnerable time in their life. New students can be disoriented."

At the same time, Maranatha members volunteered as host families, to provide lodgings to students new to Vancouver, but the International House director was reluctant to accept their offer. McBlane said he did not want international students welcomed by a group which "misrepresented" its activities. (The Maranathas had previously held a welcoming reception for first year and international students, advertising that all of UBC's Christian clubs were sponsors. Several Christian groups, including the Newman Club, Lutheran Student Movement, and Student Christian Movement, were not at all involved.)

It is Maranatha's loud and aggressive style,

See page 5: GROUP

Praise the Lord! Amen! Thank you Jesus!

Arms race threatens world

By PETER PRONGOS

The arms race is not a simple task to investigate. The issues are complex, the terminology is esoteric and data can seem overwhelming at times. Naturally, this can make it difficult to try to form an accurate picture of the status of the nuclear race and what can be done to reduce the threat of nuclear annihilation.

THE ARMS RACE
By MICHAEL SHEEHAN
Oxford University Press

The book With Enough Shovels by Robert Scheer, illuminated much of the Reagan administration's frightening attitudes and plans. Another recent book, Michael Sheehan's The Arms Race, sheds a similar light on the wider aspects of modern war strategies.

Sheehan's professional goal is providing the reader with a solid overview of the dynamics of the arms races. Overall, he provides some of the clearest explanations of this complicated field that I have come across.

After an initial discussion of arms races and military power in general, the author explores specific facets of the problem. He looks at the superpower rivalry, nuclear proliferation to other countries, the arms races in space and in Europe, and he concludes by examining the prospects for avoiding war.

There are numerous charts supplementing the text that clearly show comparisons between the U.S. and Soviet submarine-launched missiles.

Sheehan has gone to great lengths to give an impartial picture of the arms race, and he therefore punctures a lot of myths along the way. He seems to be fair in assessing both the Russian and the American outlook, citing both of them for propaganda and misleading statements.

The author makes an important distinction between disarmament when numbers of weapons decrease, and the current attempts at arms control.

Sheehan writes: "Unlike disarmament, the essential element in arms control is restraint rather than reduction." As the Strategic Arms Limitation Talks agreements showed, arms control treaties can easily allow the parties to increase their nuclear strength as long as it doesn't go beyond an agreed point.

The best that he hopes for in the 1980's are "measures which reverse the direction of the amrs race, while preserving the essential stability of the balance of the power system, thereby providing adequate security at lower levels of expenditure of precious human resources."

This message may seem too timid to many, and Sheehan doesn't make a major effort to prove his case. But he contends that as long as states rely on military force, not much more can be realistically expected.

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Committee Against Racist & Fascist Violence
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   b) Your age? _____
   c) Faculty _____ Year _____ (1st, 2nd, 3rd, etc.)
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— (1) per GAGE RESIDENCE, PLACE VANIER RESIDENCE, TOTEM PARK RESIDENCE entrances.

Thank you very much.

Group dishes out American way

From page 3

the carnival preaching, which distinguishes them from other fundamentalists, says Hermanson.

The Maranathas equate God with America the Beautiful, he says, supporting the free enterprise ideology by "selling religion like soap."

"Now, if you believe in Jesus, you have to believe in Reagan." Their gospel and the American way become the only true roads to salvation, he adds.

Hermanson, who administers to the Anglican and United communities on campus, says a few parents reported disturbing changes in their sons and daughters' behaviour after they joined the sect.

"Maranathas were telling students how they ought to run their lives. Their leadership was discouraging questions, claiming authority to do this from the scriptures. They told students what they should study, how long they should study, and whom they should marry."

Marantha's statement of covenant insists that new members consult older Maranatha members assigned to them before making major decisions. This shepherding creates a hierarchial system which demands the continued development of new leaders. So there are regular leadership conferences in the U.S., and a weekly agenda can be crammed with meetings.

Dedicated members at UBC meet four times a week on average: Sundays for evening celebration, Mondays for Bible study, Wednesdays for noon celebrations, and Thursday for home group fellowship.

But Hermanson warns that their methods are no excuse for persecuting the group. "We want an educational process about Maranatha; we don't want a witch hunt."

Former student administrator Alan Pinkey found himself facing that dilemma while in office: personally having "moral objections" to Maranatha practices, while fearing an abuse of his power.

"It's a bull I never grabbed by the horns," he admitted recently. "They're a problem I left unchecked."

When Maranatha members preached outside SUB during noon hour, Pinkey, as Alma Mater Society administration director, would receive a handful of complaints.

"We have a number of people who cruise into the business office and say: 'Can't you get rid of these assholes?' Other students just don't complain; but what (the Maranatha) do is annoying."

Pinkey, who says he personally objects to their preying on the lonely, would not bar their lunchtime preaching since his jurisdiction only covered SUB and the five feet surrounding the building.

The day after Weiner's speech, the Maranathas staged one of their bigger events since touring evangelical minister Rice Broocks visited campus three years ago. They preached, sang and clapped. One danced about SUB plaza, gesturing to the religious music. Students mostly ignored the event.

The Maranathas declined to be interviewed by The Ubyssey. Two interviews were scheduled last week, but both were cancelled by them on the last day.

Not all campus groups feel the Maranathas are disruptive. Rod Alm, staff advisor for Campus Crusade for Christ, says the Maranathas have added an exciting dimension to UBC's Christian scene.

Although he admits they are "zealots" in their preaching, he says the Maranathas are not cultish. Maranatha's teaching does not radically differ from other church groups, he added, because their doctrine is Christ centred and the group cooperates with UBC's other Christian clubs.

"Cults are exclusive; the leader says, 'Hey, we're really the only way to God.' " He says the Maranathas make no such claim.

Most members of UBC's evangelical groups interviewed, including the Charismatic Christian Fellowship and Inter Varsity Christian Fellowship, agree. Some say the group's aggressive recruiting style pales in comparison to those used by groups such as the Moonies, and that the Maranatha's staff workers are sincere, honest people drawing students to Christ, not cult leaders brainwashing recruits with confusing doctrine.

Mark Ferguson, president of University Christian Ministries, says religious groups should commend the Maranatha's street evangelism because of their speakers' courage. Although the preaching style embarrasses students who are not used to such openness, the method was common in Jesus' time, he says.

"I think if you look at the Scriptures, Jesus was a street evangelist and so were the prophets. They were flogged and stoned. If people are offended by those preaching on SUB plaza, why don't they challenge the speakers out there and ask questions?

"We're not all called to be cookie-punch Christians," says Ferguson, but "sometimes I think I should be more like the people in Maranatha in my commitments."

There is no question the Maranathas are committed. Weiner and his self-proclaimed radical band believe in what they preach.

As he asks the students at the gathering last week to bow their heads and close their eyes, he begins to talk softly about letting Jesus enter their hearts and rule their lives. The true believers let their bodies sway to the sound of his voice.

"Come to Jesus. He's wrapping his arms around you. Amen. Jesus, I love you. Lord, come into my heart. Thank you for taking thousands of pounds of sin from my heart. Amen."

Weiner leads the group in prayer. He offers three prayers. Those who choose one of the three, instead of their own, are called to the stage. Surrounded by 20 fidgeting, self-conscious students, Weiner asks each in turn why they chose to pray the one they did. One by one they confess to being concerned they identified more as students than as Christians. They all promise to change their ways.

One student blinks back tears. Weiner takes his hand, urging him to gather strength from the Lord.

The founder demands the students listen to Jesus. Baskets for collection are quickly dispatched as Weiner says: "If Jesus tells you to give money, then do it. If he tells you to give $500, then do it."

The meeting draws to a close. Flanked by his disciples, Weiner returns to his seat. As students rise to leave, Maranatha leaders swarm around them and descend on those attending for the first time. They quickly engage them in conversation.

One big warm handshake follows another. Some are prolonged. The leaders stare intently into the students' eyes, prodding them with questions about their school work, family and ambitions. All wish success, and one or two grab a hand for a friendly squeeze before leaving.

Earlier, Weiner had said, "This campus is the Lord's. This campus will never be the same."

Praise the Lord! Amen! Thank you Jesus!

Cookie-punch Christians welcome Maranatha

Praise the Lord! Amen! Thank you Jesus!

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Confessions of a teenage tabloid hack

By TOM HAWTHORN

The last time Vancouver's two dailies shut down, back in November, 1978, the excitable, young staff of this paper heralded themselves as "Vancouver's Largest Newspaper" on their front page. That was true for the first week, but there were more ambitious magnates in town.

The high-rent Kerrisdale Courier jacked itself up to a thick 80 pages, larded with pre-Christmas advertising from suddenly orphaned retailers. So great were revenues, one could imagine the Courier's owners diving into a great pool of coins like Scrooge McDuck, spats, pince-nez and all.

As the strike dragged on — past municipal elections, Christmas, Easter, a federal election and finally a provincial election, times flush with advertising — publishers came to a moment of decision. Either they were to make heavy capital investments to challenge the Pacific Press monopoly, or they were going to temporarily pocket all this extra revenue only to go crawling back to their own little markets once the strike was settled.

The Columbian, a New Westminster daily, chose to stand pat, which many think doomed the family-owned daily to its eventual fate; bankruptcy and death last fall at the age of 122. But big schemes were being concocted at the Kerrisdale Courier.

Investors were wined, demographic surveys conducted and hard-nosed experts consulted. After months of careful planning, it was decided that the void in the market was too great an opportunity to pass up. D-Day — daily day — was set for July 4, 1979.

It took eight months and a day to produce that first issue. The strike, unfortunately for the Courier, was settled after eight months. The Daily Courier was doomed.

The money people had decided on a toned-down, British-style tabloid. To that end, enough Brits were hired to rate an article in the U.K. Press Gazette. The managing editor was a Brit, the chief sub editor was a Brit, the sports editor was a Brit, the business editor was a Brit, the city editor was a Brit, the . . . you get the idea.

With the Brits came the creed of Fleet Street: Never let the facts get in the way of a good story.

One time, ace reporter Clive Jackson (yes, a Brit) was handed a wire story about an American doctor who was puzzled by patients complaining of an odd ailment — they all had infected middle fingers. The doc finally found the common denominator. All the patients regularly attended discos and had torn open the skin on their fingers by snapping them rapidly to the music.

The brashest wordsmith on staff was thrilled. He called reporter Geof Wheelwright and myself (I had by this time snuck on the payroll without having been given a job interview) over to ask, what other disco ailments are there?

I chipped in with "Disco hip from too much swaying." "And disco nose," said Wheelwright, "from snorting too much cocaine."

Wheelwright took the bait first. "Well, there's disco toe," he said straight-faced, tapping his foot by way of demonstration. "From too much of this."

I chipped in with, "Disco hip from too much swaying."

"And disco nose," said Wheelwright, "from snorting too much cocaine."

The next morning our ailments were on page three, only they'd been credited to an unnamed local doctor. Ahem. It was then, at the tender age of 19, that the horrible, loathsome truth finally dawned . . . I was a teenage tabloid hack.

Oh, sure, I should've known when I was given the Sasquatch beat my first day, or when I had to interview citizens about the chances of a plummeting space station hitting them, or when my labor stories were given to the resident neo-Nazi for (ahem) editing. At least, I should have known when I was photographed injecting myself with heroin to illustrate a story.

Still, it was hard to create stories out of thin air. One slow moving summer Sunday, Clive Jackson was filling in as city editor. It was the kind of day when the only scoops are made of ice cream. Jackson was dogged by the lack of a sexy item. He needed something boffo for the front page and listened intently to the hourly radio news for something — anything! — that rated front page. Then, an hour before deadline, the news opened with:

"A tragic bus plunge. . ."

Jackson was up from his desk like a shot. "Photogs! I need photogs!" he screamed.

". . . has claimed. . ."

Jackson could hardly contain himself. The newsroom was pandemonium as reporters scrambled for the doors. Above the din, Jackson gleefully chirped. "Super! This is super! Super!"

". . . the lives of 86 people. . ."

"Super! Super!" cheered Jackson.

". . . on a highway in India."

Jackson sagged low in his chair. No relative of any of the victims mourned greater than he. His vision of a front page picture of splattered torsos strewn about the cliffs beside the Squamish highway went . . . poof.

It was that kind of paper. The first issue had stories on a 450-pound stripper, a former Canucks goalie with cancer, and a major feature on string bikinis. The first editorial confessed that mere words were inadequate to describe the start of a new daily, an ominous statement from a newspaper.

The newsroom staff wasn't quite the collection of pajam-clad mental deficients and circus rejects that was the Winnipeg Free Press in the '40s, but it could have become that.

One reporter absolutely adored the police. So the Courier had stories on the police helicopter, the police dog squad, and the police dog squad using the police helicopter.

Then there was Mr. Liberty N. Justice Forall, a loudly self-proclaimed friend of the broad masses, but who would order lowly copy runners about as if he were an annoyed plantation boss.

Columnist Doug Collins once came screaming into the newsroom yelling about how his column had been edited — Goddamnable Assholes! — and he wasn't going to stand for it. The rant continued for several minutes, just old Collins there at one side of the room hollering at no one in particular, until a brave soul approached and told him that the phrase he thought had been excised from today's column had actually appeared in his column the day before. Collins left muttering.

Office memos were gems. One of the secretarial staff was all excited about the Village People's song, Y.M.C.A. She suggested a feature story on whether staying at the Y still had prestige. (Prestige? At the Y?!) Nonetheless the memo made the rounds, each reporter adding their own comments on how to cover this exciting story, until someone saner than most tossed it in the circular file on the floor.

By August the circulation had slipped to a tenth of the Sun's. Things were bad. For example, there was a regular contest where we'd sneak a photo of someone reading the paper in public. If they spotted it in the paper the next day, they could claim a small cash prize. But the photographers began complaining about the contest assignment because it was taking hours to find someone reading the paper.

The Daily Courier died on Aug. 17, after a management consultant decided against dropping his $2 million into the fledgling paper. Half the 125-member staff were fired, while the remainder were to put out a twice-weekly. Several careers were ruined. The Daily Courier could have run a headline like: "Deranged Tabloid Claims Self, 60 Others."

The death of a daily is never pretty. The Courier's was downright ugly. More than a dozen staffers hovered outside an office while a much despised editor, confident of being retained, was given the axe. They were there, one said, "To see if he'd cry."

Sports columnist Greg Douglas used his last column to get back at then Province publisher Paddy Sherman, who had made uncomplimentary remarks about the paper earlier that summer. The first letter of each of the column's 19 paragraphs spelled out: "F-U-C-K Y-O-U P-A-D-D-Y S-H-E-R-M-A-N."

On that last day, managing editor Cliff Barr sent a memo to the editorial staff. It began: "A great team, a great paper, a great future . . . doesn't it just grate?"

It was a so-so team, a terrible paper, and the future was kaput. It had grated, though. That's why no one had bought it.

Tom Hawthorn used to have a job. He claims to have no integrity.

Varsity sports excel in successful year

By MONTE STEWART

Thunderbird teams and people that claim to be fans but never watch any games, here's a chance to look back on the 1983-84 season.

FOOTBALL

The football club deserves kudos for a season in which they literally did get the breaks but still managed to compile a decent record and finished second in the WIFL behind prodigious quarterback Greg Vavra and the rest of the Calgary Dinosaurs — the team which won the national championship.

After losing several players who graduated or were picked up by the Canadian Football League, the 'Birds finished with a 5-3 regular season mark, a 6-4 record overall and an unbearable number of injuries. And they were denied an opportunity to meet their arch rivals, Simon Fraser University, in the Shrum Bowl. The Western Intercollegiate Football League forbade UBC from competing in the annual charity game because the team had used up its alotted number of non-conference games.

In other off-field activity, coach Frank Smith said he would resign as of June 30, 1984, but later rescinded his decision and will guide the team in 1984.

VOLLEYBALL

The Thunderbird men's volleyball team continued to display its usual excellence. Although the 'Birds did not repeat as national champions, they only lost in the final to a university of Manitoba team stocked with American players. The club had been undefeated until the final match.

After opening the campaign with a successful tour of Japan, UBC recorded a perfect 15-0 mark in league play and finished with a 23-4 overall rally.

Brad Willock, Chris Frehlick, and Paul Thiessen were outstanding players for the team which will be a strong contender in the 1984-85 season. Thiessen was selected as UBC's male athlete of the year for 1983-84.

SKIING

There is no truth to the rumor that the Ski 'Birds intend to change their team colors to red, white and blue. Led by coach Dale Stephens, the ski team became the first UBC team ever to win an American national title. The 'Birds won all of their meets during the Northwest Ski Conference season and finished first at the National Collegiate Ski Association championships in Steamboat Springs, Colorado.

Stu Gairns became the winner of the men's Alpine combined at the nationals. John Hilland, who Stephens described as a "stalwart," finished second overall, while Paul van Donklaar was third in the individual cross country event.

UBC and SFU are the only Canadian teams in the NCSA, a fact which has raised the ire of Eastern Canadian schools who want to join the American conference. As a result, U.S. teams want to kick out both UBC and SFU out of NCSA.

HOCKEY

The 'Birds "a la glace" enjoyed one of their best seasons in recent years, finishing with a 20-16-3 record. In Canada West league play, UBC finished with an 11-13-0 mark and narrowly missed the playoffs. Daryl Coldwell led the league in scoring and both he and Rick Amann were named to the Canada West first all-star team.

Cyclone Taylor Sporting Goods recently held a poll to determine which coach the fans want to see for the Vancouver Canucks in the next season. UBC coach Jack Moores received a few votes. but Moores, a Delta teacher, has no intention of leaving UBC and will return next season.

SOCCER

Joe Johnson's team improved tremendously this season. Winners of the inaugural Diachem Bowl game versus SFU, the 'Birds finished with a 9-1 record, good for second place in the Canada West league. Johnson's crew was unlucky when winning counted most. The 'Birds, needing a tie to make the

See page 21: TRYING

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Hermanson leaves priestly legacy for campus

by lisa hébert

George Hermanson has been called the moral conscience of the university. He has acted as a student advocate, counsellor and supporter to many. According to one student, "he has the capacity to make each of us feel unique and special — he's taught us that our personal goals and aspirations, and society's goals are intrinsically related."

But after 14 years as UBC's campus chaplain, Hermanson is moving on.

When the Anglican and United ministry hired Hermanson in 1970, he was the students' choice. It was the first time students participated in the selection process, and now he is employed by a student controlled board.

Although he began work without an office, phone or chapel, he rapidly became involved in UBC politics. One of his first concerns was young transients being kicked out of the Jericho beach hostel. Working with students to help the transients, Hermanson thought UBC should integrate more with the surrounding community.

A group of students involved in the Alma Mater Society invited Hermanson and another chaplain to help set up emergency quarters for the transients in SUB. A controversial issue at the time, the temporary SUB hostel prompted 3,000 students to attend an AMS general meeting where they decided the transients should seek other facilities.

During clubs day in 1970, Hermanson recalls he brought along half a dozen of the transients to the campus ministry's booth in SUB to advertise their cause. He was new at his job and wore his miniterial collar as he spoke with students. He suddenly realized four or five of the hippies, including an AMS executive member, had taken off their clothes.

"Several of the radical leftists hustled me out so I wouldn't get into trouble," he remembers. A campus security officer seeing the ministry's booth declared, "I used to be an Anglican," and proceeded to call the police. But the nudists were warned just before the police arrived. They quickly dressed and ran out.

When local media appeared on the scene, the young ministry feared its credibility would be destroyed. But prime minister Trudeau declared the War Measures Act at the same time and the press decided to concentrate on his announcement instead of the event. "Trudeau saved us," Hermanson says.

Through his participation in other activities, Hermanson inspired others to become politically involved. In 1972-73, he was national vice-chair of the Amchitka protest against underground nuclear weapons testing the the Aleutian Islands. Privately, Hermanson and his friends joked about offering the United Church mission boat to some people who wanted to stop the testing through civil disobedience.

"If the protest failed, we would solve the problem of a useless boat," laughs Hermanson. A boat which blew up would no longer be a financial drain on the church, he says. The protesters interested in using the boat called themselves the "Don't Make a Wave Committee" and some of them later formed Greenpeace.

On campus, the AMS "human government" decided they would close the Canadian/U.S. border to protest the nuclear tests. "We had the general manager doing what a general manager ought to do — hiring protest buses," he says.

A UBC arts graduate in 1964, Hermanson's radical roots took shape at Chicago Theological School, where he received a master of divinity with honors in 1967. He worked with classmate Jesse Jackson in Chicago on an assignment called Operation Breadbasket. They organized boycotts of certain companies in an effort to increase the percentage of blacks employed, particularly in companies which served large black communities. Following his graduation, Hermanson worked for three years in a Castlegar parish, where he counselled students from Selkirk College.

Hermanson always supported the fight for student representation say several student activists from the mid '70s. Students organized a sit-in at an Arts Faculty meeting — the last Faculty not to have any form of student representation. At the meeting, an instructor asked George to act as mediator between the students and faculty. From this meeting the students eventually achieved representation.

The minister became a member of the UBC board of governors in 1975. Appointed by the NDP provincial government, Hermanson joined current Burnaby NDP MP Svend Robinson, who was elected as a student board rep in 1974, the first year students were represented at that level.

"George was consistent and could always be counted on to take a strong, principled stand," says Robinson. The Lutheran campus centre, where Hermanson has worked, became a meeting place for UBC student activists, he says.

"It was sort of a refuge, a place to have a beer and plot strategy. (There) George inspired a lot of people to get involved."

In 1976, several women faculty members raised the issue of discrimination against women in their wages and in the treatment of women students. Administration president Doug Kenny at the time appointed Hermanson to a board committee which urged the university to increase women's wages to a level comparable to those of men in similar positions.

"Oddly enough, we found that Dr. Edith McGeer (wife of then oppostion member Pat McGeer) was the most vastly underpaid. And her salary more than doulbled as a result," says Hermanson.

When the Social Credit party was elected in 1976, the government decided to keep Hermanson on the board. "I always put it down to the power of the church," Hermanson says with a smile.

Kenny remembers Hermanson as a "good member of the board, always keeping the best interests of the university and of students in mind." The administration appeared to appreciate the chaplain's ability to communicate with students, especially during the tumultous early '70s.

That year the board decided to increase tuition fees by 25 per cent, and although Hermanson supported the move, arguing it should accompany more bursaries, he participated in several discussions about opposition to the fee hike. Former AMS executive member Dave Jiles remembers Hermanson disagreed with student council which was unanimously opposed to the increase. Hermanson later attended the 5,000 strong event prior to the board meeting.

"George was constantly doing student orientation at several student council meetings. He counselled in a way that raised questions and indirectly directed you about what you should be doing," says Jiles, still a personal friend of Hermanson.

"He always made himself available to students in their own milieu, at meetings and later sharing a beer, would challenge them in a supportive manner."

George and some students started a morning coffee table in SUB cafeteria. At times the gathering drew 50 people, and a group still meets today. "We always went for a baptism in the morning, and after swimming we thought we should break bread together," the minister says with a laugh.

Margaret Copping recalls a time two and a half years ago when she went to visit George. She said to him, "The AMS is not dealing with student issues. What we need is a whole bunch of people to go over and take over." And he said, "That's a good idea, why don't you do it?" So now I'm AMS president," concludes Copping, admitting she was ready at the time for the idea but had never considered doing it herself.

The counsellor who holds regular appointments with about 25 people a week — discussing topics from worries about a late term paper to suicide — says he tries to approach problems with understanding, reflection and action.

"I try to help people perceive why they are blocked, and what they can do about it," he says, usually pointing out people's worries are related to society at large.

Hermanson's approach is considered process liberation theology. "It is a mattter of caring deeply. The deep caring is not a projection of myself trying to create people in

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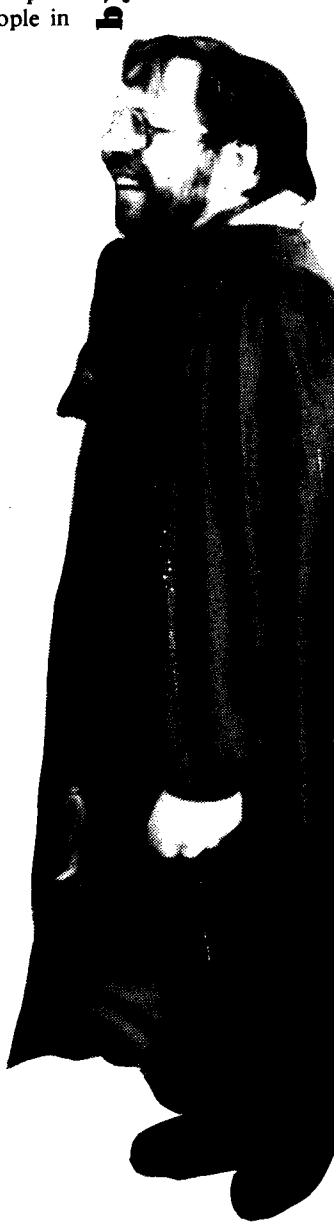
"...the moral conscience of the university."



Hermanson has taken it on the chin

From page 9

image, it is trying to let other people penetrate deeply, in a relational sense."

But as a supporter of women's and gay rights, Hermanson has provoked criticism form the university and church alike.

"He has taken it on the chin because he has supported unpopular causes," said Jiles. Some gay members of the church came to Hermanson concerned about the church's barriers denying them full participation, and he decided to support them. But some church members initiated a pre-trial for heresy because of Hermanson's comments. They didn't have enough grounds to proceed and they agreed to disagree.

"At the time the Bible was being used against gays," he says. "I spoke out for the legitimacy of a gay person being ordained. It stirred up a fuss because I challenged the misuse of the Bible."

He says he still encounters difficulty with some traditional Christians because they place dogma before committment. He sees right-wing ideology as essentially athiestic.

"I see the leftists as a faith statement — they're religious, just another denomination. Hermanson does not mind working with athiests as long as they aim for a more just society.

An example of how Hermanson combines politics with religion occurred during a mock funeral march mourning the death of access to education in 1982. Adorned in a black robe, Hermanson conducted the eulogy. He repeated phrases from John Donne's "For Whom the Bell Tolls" and threw clumps of dirt on the coffin marking the passing.

A similar event was repeated two years later when a group of students organized another funeral march with a coffin to mourn this year's 33 per cent tuition fee increase. The chaplain again agreed to act as a pall bearer and officiate at the demonstration.

"Events present themselves and you do what you can," he says.

Last fall, the ministry allowed the Lutheran centre to serve as strike headquarters for members of the university community who participated in the Operation Solidarity strike. Students, professors, teaching assistants, office, clerical and maintenance workers packed the centre.

One union member remembers although the picketers often felt cold and wet, George's presence brought together groups which had little history of co-operating.

As Hermanson's term drew to a close this year, those closest to him scrambled to draw up a petition urging him to stay.

"The petition made it very difficult to leave," he says, admitting he might not have been able to leave if he had to make the decision after this positive year.

When asked why he is leaving, he has several answers but none seem upermost in his mind.

"There is a point at which people who continue become a caricature of themselves," he says, adding some friends kid him that he may soon be radicalizing their grandchildren.

In July, he will begin his new job in Ontario. He feels there will be a parallel between his positive experiences at UBC and Five Oaks centre in Ontario.

"There is a challenge and an opportunity where we may fall on our collective faces. But mostly there is a desire to create and alternative vision," he says.

Although George has not been sure he has had an impact on campus life, he hopes he has. "Now that I'm leaving, others are telling me I have," Hermanson shyly concedes.

Former president Douglas Kenny says without hesitation the chaplain had a significant impact and he played the role of 'moral conscience' in a broad sense. "George was an outstanding university chaplain, dedicated to the humanitarian ideals of the university."

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FOUR PERSONAL ODYSSEYS:

REFUGEES IN CANADA

By ROSS PINK

Last in a series

For many refugees, the goal of reaching Canada is a cherished dream. They know Canada is a land of peace, justice and tolerance — conditions they may have never known in their homelands. But 80 percent of inland refugees in Canada — those who arrive here illegally and decide to stay — have their claims rejected and are subsequently deported back to their homelands.

For each refugee who arrives in Canada, the horrors and atrocities from which they fled are deeply etched in their memories. For many, the journey to Canada was arduous and dangerous. Charles and Catherine Ssozi, for example, are Ugandan refugees living on campus. They applied for refugee status in Canada from Kenya, were accepted and arrived here in September 1983.

It was in 1979 that they left Uganda to study in India. Upon completion of their degrees in 1982 they planned to return to Uganda and work. But they were advised by their parents and friends not to return to Uganda because of worsening political and economic conditions. And because they belonged to the Baganda tribe — the largest of 28 tribes in Uganda — they faced certain persecution and harassment if they returned.

Ironically, the Baganda persecution in Uganda intensified after the departure of dictator Idi Amin and Milton's ascension to power in 1980. "After the removal of Idi Amin in 1979 most people thought the situation would improve but it was not to be," notes Ssozi.

The first two presidents after Amin were removed from power by factions supporting Obote, who was living in exile in Tanzania. When elections were held in 1980, victory went to Obote's Uganda Peoples Congress Party which had the support of the military.

It was widely believed that the 1980 election was rigged by Obote supporters. Afterwards, guerilla movements sprung up in opposition to the election. The most powerful of these groups included the Baganda Freedom Movement and the National Resistence Movement.

"The Uganda Peoples Congress led by Obote, is persecuting the Baganda Tribe because it represents a threat to his power," Ssozi says. The BFM has become a powerful threat to the Obote regime. Most of the guerilla activity occurs in the province of Buganda which is predominantly populated by people from the Baganda tribe.

The government has responded to the BFM by destroying and burning many Baganda villages. "Many Baganda men are targeted for persecution and execution by the government. They fear the government and want it to be toppled."

Obote maintains firm control over the country and opposition is ruthlessly suppressed. "Most people are living in a state of fear, especially those in Buganda," Catherine Ssozi says.

She adds, "In other parts of the country things are pretty peaceful but the people are living under economic hardship. By international standards they are living below the poverty line."

Charles Ssozi has a strong commitment to helping his people and for that reason finds it difficult to stay away from Uganda. After further studies in Canada, Charles says he hopes "to work with the United Nations High Commissioner for Refugees or another international agency to help the Ugandan people."

He would eventually like to return to Uganda. But Catherine is more reluctant: "The situation is so insecure there. You can die at any time."

Charles is aware that Uganda faces serious problems. But he feels a solution is possible if the different tribes in Uganda would begin round table negotiations. "As long as the guerillas remain in the bush and the wealth remains overseas, the process of conflict in Uganda will continue."

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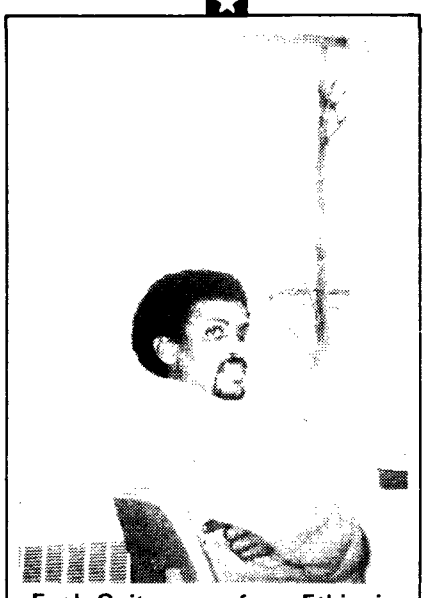
Juan Santos is a 22-year-old inland refugee living in Vancouver.



Eyob Goitom . . . from Ethiopia

Ssozis . . . from Uganda

His story began 14 months ago when he fled his small village in El Salvador fearing arrest and execution by the armed forces.

While still in high school Juan joined the LP-28 (Legas Popularios), an underground student movement dedicated to improving social conditions and helping the poor *campesinos* (peasants).

The purpose of LP-28 was to educate and help the people, Juan says. "We were advising the people that they do not have the right information about what's really going on in the country. The campesinos (farmworkers and peasants) were suffering more than the rest of the population, conditions for them were bad."

Two years later, Juan joined MERS (Movement Estudiante Revolutionario Secondario), an underground group of college and high school students. Juan says the aim of MERS was to "improve student conditions, stop cruel teachers and help the poor peasants who were oppressed. Many couldn't read and write so we started to teach them."

Campesinos in El Salvador live and work under harsh conditions. For them, worker rights and human rights do not exist. They are often paid only one or two dollars per day.

Juan cites an example that is not uncommon in El Salvador. "Let's say you have a wife and family and you go to work on a rich landowner's farm. If you have a 14-year-old daughter and she is pretty, the landowner can take her. You may be angry but there is nothing you can do."

Juan and the other MERS members would visit small towns and set up meetings. The town meetings were carefully and cautiously arranged. Members would knock on doors in the towns to notify the people of the meeting. Other members would monitor the roads leading in and out of the village for army troops. The meeting itself would be led by one or two MERS members.

Juan decries the fact that Salvadoran *campesinos* are blatantly oppressed. As he puts it, "in El Salvador, if you are poor that is a crime."

(Juan Santos is a pseudonym. He agreed to be interviewed on the condition that his name not be used. He fears reprisals against family members remaining in El Salvador.)

When several members of MERS were arrested, Juan began to fear for his life. He was well aware of the dangers he faced. Only a few months before, his uncle had been abducted one night by the army. The next day, his family found his beheaded corpse by a river bed.

Juan left El Salvador in April 1983. He travelled to Guatemala, then to Mexico. From Tijuana, Mexico, he and another Salvadoran entered California. "We ran out of money and hope in Sacramento."

Luckily though, a Catholic priest there gave them some money and the addresses of people to contact in Oregon and Washington. When they arrived in Blaine, Washington, they arranged to meet a Canadian lawyer at the border. Shortly thereafter they entered Canada and applied for refugee status.

Because inland refugees in Canada are allowed to stay in the country while awaiting a decision on their claim — but receive no government help — Juan was left to wander the streets, seeking food and shelter from whatever source he could.

Juan tells the story of a refugee he entered Vancouver with who became desperate; "I want to go back", he said, "I don't want to starve to death here."

But Juan's fortune improved when a worker from the Inland Refugee Society of B.C. offered him shelter and food. He now has a small apartment in Vancouver and works at odd jobs to support himself.

Juan expects a decision on his refugee claim very soon. Despite the fact that he is a bright and industrious person, and he fled his country due to a well grounded fear of persecution — the possibility of deportation looms over his head. Until his claim is accepted by Ottawa, Juan's perilous odyssey will not be over.

●

Eyob Goitom is an Ethiopian refugee studying at the University of British Columbia. He came to Canada on August 22, 1981, and is now a landed immigrant.

Eyob comes from a country in the midst of bitter strife. The strife stems from Ethopia's annexation of Eriteria. Eriteria is a former colony of Italy. In 1952, the United Nations debated whether Eriteria should be granted independence or federated with Ethiopia.

Despite the clear objection of the Eriterian people, the colony was formally merged with Ethiopia in 1962. Yet Ethiopia has no historical claim to Eriteria. In 1970, the Eriterian Peoples Liberation Front (EPLF) was formed. And in 1973, opposition to Ethiopian hegemony in Eriteria solidified.

There are approximately 30 million people in Ethiopia, four million of whom are Eriterian. It is widely known that Eriterians face discrimination in the public service and the private sector. "An Eriterian is a refugee whether he is inside or outside the country," says Goitom. "They have restricted movement in their own country."

The military in Ethiopia suspect that many Eriterians are guilty of collusion with the independence movement. Therefore, they closely monitor the Eriterian population.

By 1976, the EPLF gained considerable strength; the guerillas have the power to defend villages and have established their own economic infrastructure in many areas of Eriteria.

The government's solution to quell the liberation movement is to imprison, torture and kill thousands of Eriterians. "Many incidents of violence have created horror in the people," Goitom says.

As an example, he cites a village that was suspected of harboring EPLF guerillas. The village of 500 was surrounded by the army early one morning in 1969, and burned to the ground. All of the villagers perished in the fire.

Goitom and a friend decided to flee Ethiopia in late December 1975. They left their town at night and were directed out of the country by EPLF forces. They travelled only at night. "I was impelled to leave by the horrors in the country. Hundreds of people were murdered and imprisoned. Friends and relatives were murdered and kidnapped."

See Page 12: VANCOUVER

Vancouver refugees recount tragic past

From Page 11

Goitom and his friend travelled toward Sudan. "I had no expectation or knowledge of Sudan. The only thing I knew was that the United Nations had a refugee camp on the eastern border. I thought they would take care of me. I thought they could help me achieve education, since the schools and universities in Eriteria were closed." They arrived at the Sudan Refugee camp on Jan. 22, 1976.

Goitom stayed in Sudan from 1976-1980, where he earned a degree in political science. He says he was afraid to write his parents during these years because they might get harassed by the government.

"The first letter I sent to my family was in 1980 when I met someone in Sudan who was from my village," Goitom says.

In 1981, Goitom came to Vancouver from Sudan. The trip was arranged by the UBC chapter of World University Service of Canada. During his first year at UBC they paid his tuition and raised money to help him. "Being a refugee has strengthened me as a human being. It has hardened me and matured me," Goitom says.

But as he notes, the suffering that many refugees endure is deep and painful. "The worst thing about being a refugee is family separation. You are separated from all the people you love."

•

Abbas Tehrani is a 25 year old inland refugee living in Vancouver. He fled Iran in 1983 after being harassed several times by the country's security police.

Ayatolla Khomeini's revolutionary movement seized power in Iran in 1979, and quickly established a theocratic state. Iran is now governed by a radical sect of Shiite Moslems led by Khomeini. Under Khomeini, Iran has become a tightly controlled religious state that ruthlessly suppresses diverging political and religious views.

"People in Iran are forced to adopt the radical perspective of Khomeini," Tehrani says. "There is political pressure to accept the ideology — which is to fight against everything."

If a person criticizes the government in any way, he may be in danger. "You must accept all or nothing, otherwise the government treats you with suspicion."

While still a student in university, Abbas was arrested by the government several times. They suspected him of taking part in political activities against the regime. "They arrested me and frightened me. They threatened to put me in jail."

"There is a great deal of fear in Iran," says Tehrani. "People can be arrested for no reason and put in jail."

In October 1983, Tehrani made the dramatic decision to flee his homeland. He says he made the decision because he felt threatened by the government and opposed many of their views.

When an Iranian flees his country by land, he can only take two routes. The first route of escape is into Turkey, but this is very difficult. The second route of escape is much easier — into Pakistan. This is the routh that Tehrani chose.

He travelled from the town of Zahedan, on the Pakistan-Iran border to Quetta in Pakistan. From there. he travelled southward to Karachi.

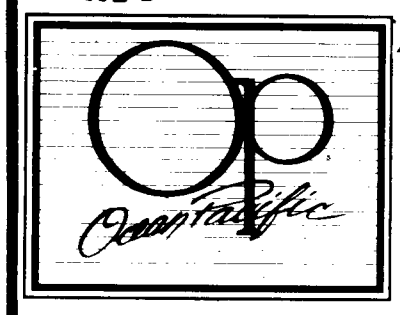
In Karachi, Abbas obtained a French passport and an airline ticket to Vancouver. When he arrived in Vancouver, he requested permission to remain in Canada. Tehran lives with a family in Vancouver and works part-time in the kitchen of a local restaurant. Although he is adapting quite well to Canadian life, his future in Canada remains uncertain.

Abbas says his fate is in the hands of the Canadian government because if he is sent home he will be imprisoned or executed. "In Iran the government controlled my life, here, my life is in the hands of the government."

ATTENTION UBYSSEY STAFF

It's trough and swill time again at The Ubyssey. Read: Annual banquet for all who contributed (writers only) to The Ubyssey in 1983-84 academic year. Return to SUB 241k for more details. Or talk to Wongsky.

THE THUNDERBIRD SHOP



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Ballet I 5:30-7 p.m.	Ballet II 5:30-7	Jazz I 5:30-7	Ballet II 5:30-7	Jazz I/II 5:30-7

Dates: Schedule effective April 30 to June 22, 1984.
***Rooms:** All classes will be held in the Music Room of the Asian Centre.
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Registration: Register daily between 12:30-1:30 in SUB 216E or April 3 (11:30-2:30) and April 4 (12:30-1:30). SUB foyer — sorry, there will be NO drop-in fees.
Refund Policy: Membership fee of $5 is non-refundable.
Refund: before May 7 — $20.00
May 14 — $10.00
Further info: Available at registration, Room 216E SUB, or phone 228-6668.

New shit hits old fan

By ANNA BANANA

Welcome to the new mutant collective for an equally vile rag's 67th year. The new lineup of the Copyburo includes Robert Beynon the Lion-Hearted, Patty "watch it, Buster" Flather, Charlie Fidelman, who has yet do a handstand, and Neil Lucente, who has yet to reach puberty. Good luck? Let's just check.

Robert found his way out of his paper bag in time to remember why he'd started using it. "I do NOT blush easily," proclaimed Robert at the crucial moment. Patti was so impressed with such a platitude that she whispered HA! at the top of her lungs and promptly caused Robert to sunburn into oblivion. Patti, on the other hand, has a problem with all typewriters, in that none of them have an "edit" key. She wishes Robert hadn't bought her a paper bag for her birthday. "It said, 'Double bagging should not be necessary'!"

Fidel, viva Fidel...Old Charlie will really try to organize her entire life for the sake of the paper. "Hey...why not? One day I'll be art critic for the West Ender. Airheads just don't cut it no more." The more-or-less Good Woman of Trutch has a closet desire to have a permanent column on how to charm the pants off the fruit flies F. Ian drags in from the lab.

And then Cornelius gives some sense of professionalism to the bunch. Neil was in tears at the election meeting. "I am...a darkroom junkie!" But his repentance didn't stop him from boasting about his refusal to get an interview with the Weakneed Scum. It is widely believed that Neil has, within his reach, a direct link with the Muse of Layout.

Luck isn't the word here. Divine intervention is the suitable phrase for this Love Bloat plus Eight-Eyes front. Oh, why must Point Grey face such cabal to uphold the bastion of democracy next year? Alas, only a lightening bolt from God-to-be-in-Ottawa will permit these cronies to print the theatre of hate that has come to be our salvation in these melodramatic times. Bless us all.

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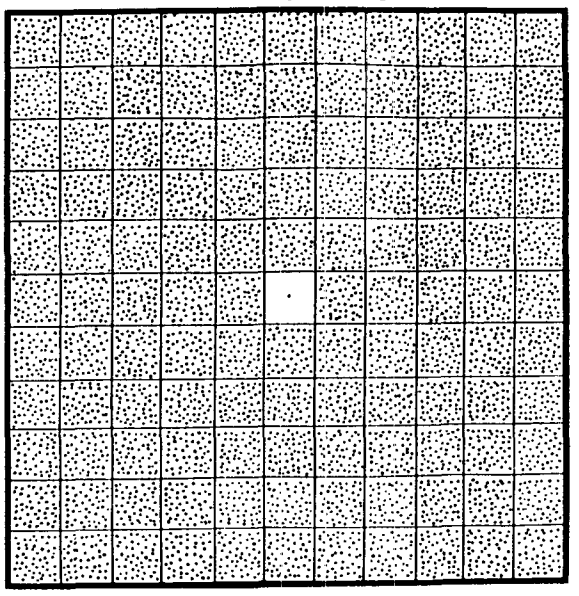

The dot in the centre square represents all of the firepower used in World War II, including the atomic bombs dropped on Hiroshima and Nagasaki. The 6,000 dots in the rest of the squares represent the comparative destructive power of the nuclear weapons that exist today. Just two squares on the chart represent enough firepower to destroy all of the large- and medium-sized cities of the world.

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Billy Idol lacks style not success

By JACK TIELEMAN

Billy Idol has the best formula in rock today. Idol has captured a stylish blend of punk and pop which offers something for everyone, as evidenced by the diversity of the crowd at Thursday's performance. Men approaching middle age with green hair, peroxide Idol clones, adolescent screamers and 10 year old kids with studded black leather bracelets dotted the audience.

But unfortunately the sold out show was not enough to bring Idol past the stage of a superficial rocker. Throughout most of the evening, Idol appeared to be just going through the motions. Decked out in his customary Road Warrior gear, Idol strutted, twisted and contorted about without conviction. He managed to bring versions of White Wedding, Rebel Yell and Ready Steady Go up to a frenzic level, but regrettably subsided to a mediocre tempo on other tunes.

Idol has changed his music since his days with the Generation X. He is aiming for a wider audience change that destroys his ambition and conviction towards music.

The songs that came across well were the ones that had something important to say. Idol may be missing the punk days of Generation X.

Besides having to put up with incredibly long lines to get into the War Memorial Gym, the crowd waited for two hours before Idol came on. Part of the delay was getting fans straightened out in front of the stage, they were doing their best to imitate the behaviour at The Who concert in Cincinnati in 1979. The heat in the crowd got out of hand and security was forced to throw wet towels out to the fans to ease their self inflicted discomfort. Aside from that, the crowd was responsive when Idol called upon them.

Those in the crowd who appreciated guitar work got enough from Steve Stevens. Stevens demonstrated a prowess on guitar that was reminiscent of a combination of Pete Townshend and Eddie Van Halen. Stevens' mastery was everything that the lead guitarist for the opening act Platinum Blonde wasn't.

Platinum Blonde is a three-piece band of Rod Stewart clones who bring new meaning to the words inept, boring and last but not least spandex. This highly-touted Toronto band is exactly what we don't need: blonde hair, tight pants and arrogance everything that rock n' roll explained the band's warm reception Thursday night. Their music doesn't go any further than titles like It Really Doesn't Matter Unless You're Forced To Listen To It and Standing in the Dark.

The lack of any real lyrics works perfectly with the ability of the musicians. And the lack of foreceful guitar playing was the major downfall. The lead guitarist seldom used more than a few cords and when he did, he seemed somewhat edgy. This entire lack of originality, ability and style means that Platinum Blonde should sell millions of albums, sell-out concerts and send music back to the dark ages of disco.

Virtually faultless production graces Beggar's Opera

By DONNA SANFORD

A beggar shuffles across the stage, a pint of ale in one hand, his dinner in the other. He is pleased — his opera is about to be performed. Finding a table from which he will watch the performance, he promises to stop the players should they take things too far.

Played by music professor French Tickner, the beggar is a delightful character, his speech capturing the essence of an old, impoverished poet and songwriter. Tickner contributes new dialogue to this 18th century opera on top of brilliant acting, directing and production.

And the UBC opera theatre production of this new version overcomes the obstacles with presenting a new interpretation of an old favorite. While Tickner is successful in setting the opera in the 20's, he is original without detracting from John Gay's intended morality lesson.

Gay wrote the Beggar's Opera during a period when England was rejecting oppressive Italian operas filling its stages. Gay's approach was comic and satirical, his music was lighter and he exposed society's filth to make brazen moral comments. As the beggar explains in the prologue, his opera contains crime, sex and violence — "everything a good opera should have."

"I hope I may be forgiven that I have not made my opera throughout unnatural, like those in vogue," he says, poking fun at Italian opera.

The opera continues in lavish tongue-in-cheek style. From his discreetly located table, the beggar watches the opera, occasionally conducting the music with morsels of food in his hand.

The music arrangement which is also new is played by the nine member White Chapel

Different ages clash

By ELENA MILLER

Some men are born great, others achieve greatness, and yet others have greatness thrust upon them," the saying goes. Antonio Salieri, protagonist of Peter Shaffer's black comedy, Amadeus, would dearly love to have greatness thrust upon him. He readies himself for the moment when God will transform him from a mediocre composer to a great one, a moment that never comes.

Amadeus
by Peter Shaffer
directed by Walter Learning
at the Q.E. Playhouse until April 21

Instead, God thrusts greatness upon a rival composer, Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart. This Mozart, as portrayed in Shaffer's play, is hardly the creature to deserve such a favor.

If God blesses Mozart with genius, he also blesses Salieri with other, equally important gifts — success, power, wealth, health, and happiness — and the gifts Mozart is deprived of. Salieri seems to be equally beloved of God, but he refuses to see this, considering the denial of genius as being of primary importance.

Because God withholds the divine inspiration Salieri needs to become a great composer, Salieri decides to spite God by destroying God's "Magic Flute", by Mozart.

Salieri does this with Machievellian ease and discretion, so when he finally admit's to being Mozart's nemesis, others do not believe him.

The word "Amadeus" means both "beloved of God" and "lover of God," and Shaffer explores both meanings of the word through the contrasting natures of Salieri and Mozart. Salieri is the Age-of-Enlightenment definition of a good man. He is rational, moderate, well-bred and well-mannered. Mozart, in contrast, is irrational, immoderate, ill-bred and ill-mannered. He is out of place in Emperor of Austria Joseph II's 18th century court.

Mozart is the Romantic Age's definition of the good man. He is passionate and completely natural. Salieri and the other court figures seem by contrast tepid, artificial and hollow, like the music they produce and admire.

In the role of Salieri, Cedric Smith manages to be both a sympathetic and a repellent character. One minute he engages our sympathies with his painful awareness of his own mediocrity and Mozart's greatness, the next he repels us with his vindictiveness and lust for sweetmeats.

In the role of Mozart Morris Panych is also sympathetic and repellent. We sympathize with his struggle for recognition and wealth in a court of musical philistines. But we are repelled by his scatalogical jokes and infantile behaviour. Bernard Cuffling as Joseph II and Gabrielle Rose as Constanze, Mozart's usually faithful wife, are also good.

The set and costume and lighting for this production were excellent. Philp Clarkson's costumes were a show in themselves.

—charlie fidelman photo

By CHARLIE FIDELMAN

A unique opportunity for all involved, Danceworks gives dancers with any level of training a once in a lifetime chance to work with professional choreographers, from the first rehearsal through to the final performance.

Although organized by Ballet UBC Jazz, Danceworks is separate from the club and its dance classes. Student's in Danceworks genuinely love movement, and their passion was evident in the final performance of Menagerie.

Of the three choreographers, Barbara Bourget's piece is the most polished and stylistically endearing. She gave her non-dancers the feeling of moving through space.

Les Grenouilles, a linear piece, contained several froggy references plus urban hurry scurry. A pattern of downtown rush runs through it. Human frogs scampered on stage wearing large white framed black goggles — they slithered across the floor bathed in green side lighting. But they didn't croak. Instead, the acclaimed Phillip Glass Glass Works provided accompaniment.

Jay Hirabeyashi's Rock Garden is influenced by the seemingly random pattern of rocks in a traditional Japanese rock garden, and is characterised by internal form and balance. He gave the dancers a basic pattern with which they randomly repeat and freely improvise. Hirabeyashi imposed a final balance by giving the dancers a pattern to follow in the piece's last moments. Intriguing philosphically, Rock Garden is staid and sedate visually, even though brilliantly timed.

In Jennifer Mascall's Menagerie, dancers move like animals in an expressionistic style. The dancers pretend to be a variety of animals from elephants to chickens, moving their body parts in different directions — the feet in one pattern, the arms in an opposite one, and the faces in bizarre expressions. The piece is a collaborative effort between the dancers and choreographer, and overflow with creativity. If laughter is any indication of enjoyment, the audience loved Menagerie.

Danceworks may appear amateurish to some, in comparison to a professional troupe such as Les Ballet Jazz des Montreal. But the Menagerie is alive in its rawness and is very exciting.

As one member of the audience said: "The Menagerie is playful and exploratory without pretension."

If you missed Danceworks this year, you missed more than just another dance performance.

Symphonic Society under the conduction of Grant Hurst. The music is rhythmic and entertaining, and for a small orchestra, the sound is rich and pleasing. The instrumentalists also show sensitivity to the amateur vocalists.

The opera begins under the beggar's direction against a backdrop of two large overlapping faces, one grinning, the other tearful. Mr. Peachum (Donald Jones), enters. He and his wife (Susan Pye) run a pawn shop in Soho, and as receivers of stolen goods, they give out information about their clients for rewards.

Peachum's informer, aptly named Filch (Gordon Comer) tells the Peachums that their daughter Polly (Marisa Gaetanne) has just married Captain MacHeath, a gambler and highwayman. This event causes the Peachums much consternation — they are abhorred at the thought of a ciminal son-in-law — and provides the drama's basic irony, which Gay uses to its fullest.

The Peachums decide to kill MacHeath, leaving his wealth in their hands. They tell Polly she must assist them. Polly, a trusting, naive young woman, sings endlessly of her loyalty and undying love for MacHeath (Peter Spira). But her parents are not swayed.

"But surely it is the thought of gaining a widow's fortune that keeps a wife's spirits up," says her father.

MacHeath is framed by Peachum, who makes use of the "ladies of questionable virtue." These women live fully up to their names: Mrs. Vixen, Betty Doxy, Jenny Diver, Mrs. Coaxer, dressed as flappers with feathers and netted stockings. They are of course, paid off by Peachum.

Now the audience discovers Peachum's connection with prison warden Lockit (David Lyford). They gain profits by bribing and offering the prisoners escape for money. To complete the plot, Lockit's fiery daughter Lucy is also in love with MacHeath, and countless scenes and songs of jealousy ensue between Lucy and Polly over MacHeath, who cares deeply for neither.

Part of the opera's appeal is due to Gay's frankness. There is no effort to protect delicate ears from discussions of sex, crime, and violence.

The beggar provides an unusual perspective to the opera, keeping it alive in duller moments. When the beggar offers the odd prompt to characters, it seems for authenticity's sake.

The final scene finds MacHeath sentenced to death, much to Polly's and Lucy's despair, and to Peachum's and Lockit's delight. At this point, three women enter, two with babies and one pregnant, all victim's of MacHeath's idle promises, who earlier said in his defence — "In the heat of passion, a man will promise anything."

Now the cast begins to protest to the beggar, claiming they want a happy ending. In response, the beggar says the poor have the same vices as the rich, though in less amounts, and that society is plagued with the same greed and immorality as Peachum and Lockit display.

Special Collections Serial

Truce ends nuke exchange

Page 3

PROLE LOTO

Page 17

The Provi ce

Vancouver, B.C.
Wednesday, April 4, 1984
No sense

(80 cents minimum
outside anywhere)

LABOR CANCER POWER GRAB KILLS BABY TAB

Pages 3, 4

PICKET GETS HEATED

That's the cutline writer's father, no, it's Forlorn Pharton, crafts guild member, arguing with fellow crafts guild member Cathey Trite about flying pickets. Oops, no, it's a crafts guild member arguing with a newspaper guild person about whether teachers should be allowed to strike. Ah, hell, it's somebody pissed off about something. (See Setting it Straight, page 2)

CLARK

Joe, Jean busted in bath

CHRETIEN

Canuckleheads to play hardball

Page 48

DARE TO LOOK

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General: Patton
Circulation: Needed

ODD SOCKS

ETOBICOKE (PC) — A man identifying himself only as Mr. Bill is terrorizing residents of this unintelligent Toronto backwater.

The assailant leaps on his victims from bus stops, dressed entirely in black, and forces plastic masks of television's Mr. Rogers over their heads while shouting, "God is a Marxist!"

Police say the man was obviously deranged by some stressful experience in his recent past. Police say a lot of things.

WHAT IT'S LIKE OUT

Riders on the storm. Ba, ba, Ba, BA. Riders on the storm. Ba, ba, Ba, ba, BA. Into this house we're born. Into this world we're thrown.

Same tune.

Take a long holiday. Bum, bum, bum ba, ba. Let your children play.

If you give this man a ride. Sweet family will die. Killer on the road.

Canada's high. Holland's not. America's low. Long Island's bought.

NEW April 1 — **FIFTH Q** April 15
OLD April 5 — **NO Q** April 25

POST ATCHISON TIDINGS

April 5, 1984	Time
Good morning	8 a.m.
Hi	12:07 p.m.
Good night	10 p.m.
Sleep tight	10:01 p.m.

SOSO LOONY TABLE

Sunrise: Ounce and a half of tequila, orange juice pour grenadine down the side.
Sunset: Five tequila sunrises and a martini followed by a Harvey Wallbanger and the sun will set any time of the day.

WEATHER OR NOT

South Coast: Sunny, yesterday my life was full of rain. Sunny, da, da, da, doda, do, do, da, da. You came along and da, da, da, da. Sunny one it's true, I love you.

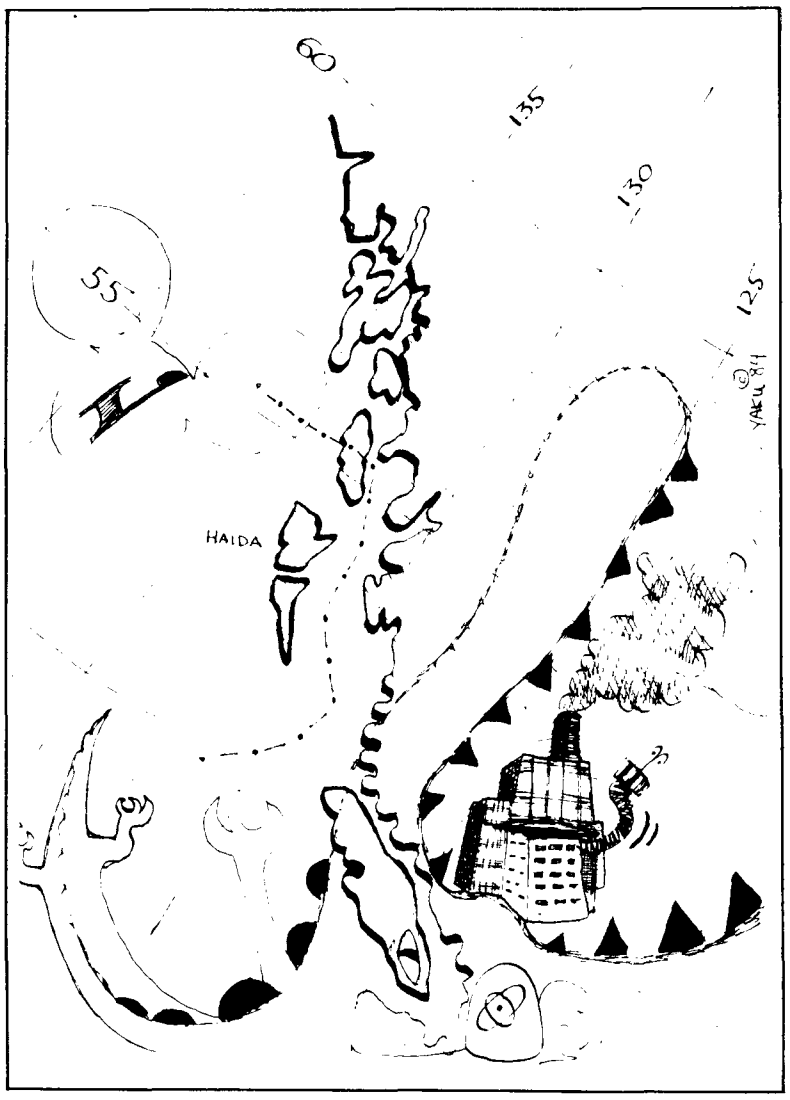
West, North Vancouver Island: Rain drops keep falling on my head. But that doesn't mean my eyes will soon be turning red. Crying nots for me. No. I'll never stop the rain by complaining.

Central Coast: Who's peeking out from under the stairway. Calling the name that's lighter than air. Who's reaching out to capture the moment. Everyone knows its windy.

Fort Nelson: I'm dreaming of a white Christmas. Just like the ones I used to know. Where the tree tops glisten and children listen. Just to hear sleigh bells in the snow.

Interior: Hot time summer in the city. Back of my neck getting dirt and gritty. Been down isn't that a pity. Doesn't seem to be shadow in the city. In the city. Do do—do do do do. In the city.

North Coast: There's a fog upon L.A. And my friends have lost their way. Well it only goes to show. and I told them where to go. Ask a policeman on the street. There's so many there to meeeeeeet.



OLD FRONT LABOR FRONT — BACK TO FRONT DOWN IN FRONT

SHARE A TAB

Today's Provice tabloid split into three and a half sections.

- Get out your scissors. Cut the first two pages in half.
- Now turn the paper to the right. Cut the rest in half again.
- That leaves another eight pages (more pages for your money) of slander, libel and drab gab.

When finished reading, crumple all pages up into ball, say abra cadabra, wave a magic wand, and you'll get ....a mess.

OUR MISTEAK

Well, actually our front page photograph has nothing to do with the current Pathetic Press strike and is really a confrontation between conflicting International Workers' Association simps and Peoples' Patience Workers of Canada wimps? No? Well, the hell then, we're sorry.

How to deal with a gloomy Wednesday: Do whatever you want. That's what we'll be doing from now on. It's the last Provice and it'll probably rain until UI runs out. I've never read this apparently inane waste of space before. But it's supposed to end with something about the weather. It'll be light today.

The Provi ce

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Hart son of JFK

SOWVILLE (UNS) — The momentum of U.S. presidential aspirant Gary Hart has increased following reports that Hart is John F. Kennedy's sinister son.

Gary Hart is 47. Or so he says.

An investigation has uncovered records showing that not only did the candidate for the Democratic nomination change his name from Hartpence, but also was adopted by the Hartpence family.

Nor has Hart inherited glamor only from the paternal side. Reports have the records showing Hart was given up for adoption by a teen-aged Norma Jean Rae in Seattle in 1942. At that time the future U.S. president Kennedy was a young naval officer who had recently passed through Seattle on his way to commanding a torpedo boat in the Second World War.

Norma Jean became Marilyn Monroe before renewing her relationship with Kennedy during his years in the White House.

Hart outpolled fellow candidate and former vice president Walter Mondale 49 per cent to 23 percent in Tuesday's crucial Sow County Democratic party delegate caucus in a rural section of Idaho. He gained one delegate, who said, "We need a man with movie star blood in him if we're going to look better than (U.S. president Ronald) Reagan on television. I just hope he isn't suicidal."

"I hope voters will realize I would be only grateful to be John Kennedy's illegitimate son," Hart said after the caucus.

Hart had a clear answer to continued questions about the budget deficit, foreign policy, economic strategy and use of military power. "I'll comment on that later," the bastard said. "Maybe in December."

Hart's one delegate surge could mean absolutely nothing at all.

One more brick in wall in the Socred monument

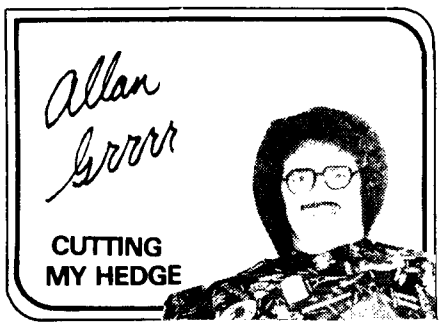
Grrrrrrrrrrrrr.

Further evidence that the Socreds are determined to eclipse all the reforms enacted during the reign of Fat Dave the First cropped up this week.

It seems Grace McCarthy was watching the CBS Evening News last week and had another brainstorm. There, in living color, was the answer to the province's overburdened welfare rolls. You will recall that Mrs. McCarthy had earlier evinced that the real root of the problem was the hordes of flatlanders fleeing the Socialist scourge in Manitoba, arriving in Lotusland from Snowflake, Brandon and Wawenesa with naught but a smile, outstreched palms and directions to Kits Beach.

CBS reported that the West German government was giving $4,000 to any Turkish immigrant worker that would leave the land of Black Forest cake. A tulip bulb appeared over the erstwhile florist's head — why not offer $50 and a free Greyhound pass to any Manitoban who'll leave B.C.? The money saved could be used to employ real British Columbians as border guards to prevent the shiftless snowmobile lovers from sneaking back into Valhalla. The guns guards would need would help the ailing B.C. weapons industry — their uniforms would benefit the sweat shops in Vancouver's East End. Cabinet is said to be enthusiastic.

Sources also indicate that the Socreds are considering bills that would prohibit Sun



reporters from phoning up Mrs. McCarthy to see if her municipal tax bill is paid, and also to legalize lying by used car dealers. "If someone's stupid, why not take advantage of them?" said the source. "Ripping people off is the very vasis of our system. Besides, if used car dealers were sued every time they shot the bull with a client, half the cabinet would be in the Big House."

Rumours continue to run rampant that Bill Bennett is prepared to offer rock manager Bruce Allen a cabinet post. Allen, loud manager of such moneymakers as Lover Boy, Bryan Adams and the Payolas, is mulling over an offer to be manager of the B.C. Economy, which hasn't been selling well in the U.S. as of late. Cabinet is said to be tickled pink at the prospect of Allen yelling into the phone at heads of multinational firms thinking of investing in B.C. "He's uptempo, he's vibrant, he's ballsy, he gets things done, he's the eighties," says our source. "I can just see him walking into some corporation's boardroom and screaming, 'Invest your money in B.C. right now or I want you out of the province *this minute!*' The business of business is business, and by hiring Allen we could show business that we're all business." The one hitch in the deal is that Allen wants his usual 45 per cent of profits, while the Socreds are standing firm at 33.

Zany Pat McGeer has come up with a solution to B.C.'s bridge and ferry woes. McGeer has plans for a homegrown watercar industry. By blowing up existing bridges and selling off the ferries, the market forces of supply and demand would create a demand for the sea-faring autos, which would be the only way to cross B.C.'s many waterways. A boom would occur in the automaking, autoselling and demolition industries of B.C., and the province would have a jump on other parts of the world in a growth industry. "Genius," mused our source.

The real humdinger is that the Socreds are considering making elections illegal because they're too expensive. "We always rig it so we can win anyways, so why bother?" said our source. Holding this up is the insistence of premier Bill Bennett that he be annointed premier-for-life and that his offspring shall follow him into the top post.

It's enough to make you growl.

Grrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrr.

FOLDED PAPER DROWNED IN SEA OF SCARLET INK

The dream is over, as the great poet Brian Jones, or maybe Jim Morrison, once said.

Southam says the cost of printing The Province is not worth the while of keeping other big-money chains out of its monopoly market in Vancouver, and the courts have recently accepted their and Thomson's word that dominant newspaper corporations never lie.

We also have the word of our late employers that the current labor dispute at Pathetic Press had no effect on a decision which had to be made in these times of hard economic realities. Their only small regret is that in pulling the plug on The Province they have thrown the Columbian out with the bath water.

But life in the big time newspaper biz is like that. Tough.

Because there might never again be on the porches of our fair city a bright, new morning Tab, the managing staff of The Province brings you this special edition in order to say goodbye. In it you'll find samples of the best our writers have produced from all our eight-month history, along with whatever else was sitting in the computer when the picket lines went up that fateful night.

The end of a newspaper may be a simple manifestation of necessarily ruthless financial decisions, but it is also for us a time of deep sentimentality.

We had hoped Vancouverites would take to our light, tight and trite new Tab like chimpanzees to a word-code computer. It was our cherished goal to serve up to the semi-illiterate a dog's breakfast of pix, celebs, quotes, comix and fax each morning. But it was not to be.

Those dreams are now shattered. Now we will never get every person in the city into our Slime of the Day, nor will the Dona Harvey Award for Best Investigative Paragraph ever be presented to one of our reporters.

Those of us who worked for you, the reader, will not be gone. On radio talk shows, in struggling magazines and in grubby suburban weeklies, the spirit of The Province will linger on. Perhaps now the Sun will complete its own transformation into a tabloid, or at least pick up Gasoline Alley and Snake.

It has been a memorable eight months, but now it has come to an end. All together now: "I like it!"

No Alpo for bums

SOCRED NEWS SERVICE

VICTORIA — B.C. Human Resources Minister Grace McCarthy denied Tuesday that welfare recipients will receive Alpo instead of money beginning April 1.

"It may be a time for restraint but there is no way this government would be tacky enough to give out economy pet food," McCarthy told a press conference. "Though we could threaten those bums with starvation, we will be distributing high quality High Society and Nine Lives. Definitely not Alpo."

McCarthy added that her ministry will stop issuing checks only in order to save paper and printing costs. A program is being studied which will have remaining human resources workers patrol the streets with rolls of pennies to be passed out to panhandlers, she said.

"What's a few hundred dollars difference? I could have my cabinet minister's salary cut by $300 a month and hardly care any more than I do now."

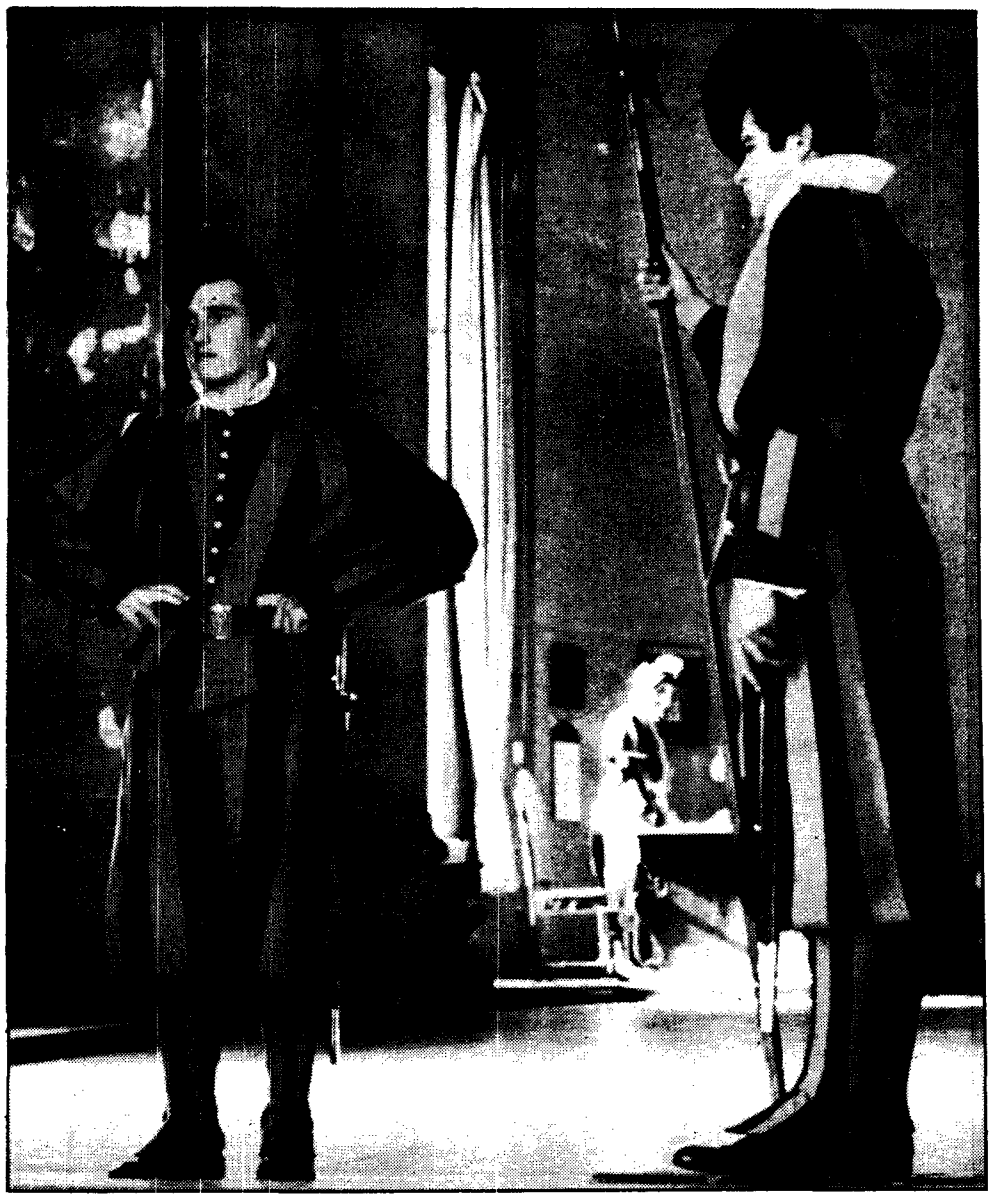
Welfare recipients should stop thinking about caviar and switch to steak or veal, said McCarthy.

The minister clowned briefly with reporters and television crews after making her remarks, getting down on all fours to eat out of a dish on the floor without using her hands.

"See? Just like Fido would say if he could, my goodness that's good," McCarthy said around mouthfuls of lobster in Hollandaise sauce.

"You'd have to be bonkers to accuse this government of not being fair."

Tots love GAINsburgers



Crack papal security force is trained to repel Turks.

Pope, Jackson come together

Nana Mouskori and Michael Jackson will open for Pope John Paul II's Mass when he visits Vancouver latr this summer.

Pope organizing committe member Bill Vander Zalm made the announcement Tuesday after Victoria's Monday magazine announced Sunday the Pope and Mouskori would open for Jackson at a capital city concert Sept. 31.

Vander Zalm said the deal is part of a "reciprocal arrangement" between the trio, who will record both the concert and mass for a Christmas release album.

"Holy smoke," said Gertrude Smith, the president of the local Michael Jackson fan club, "it has eternal possibilities."

Vander Zalm said Jackson will sing mass, to the tune of Beat it, while the pope waves incense around Jackson. "We will be taking extra precautions, Michael's hair is very flamable. We don't want a repeat of the Pepsi near tragedy."

Just another Who in the race

VANCOUVER — A journey of a thousand miles (1,600 kilometres) starts with a single step.

These thoughts must be coursing through the mind of Laszlo McTavish-Smythe Kowalski, or as he will heretofore be known, the Face that Walks Like a Foot.

Kowalski, for the past 20 years a spike-sharpener at the local university golf course, has thrown his face into that paucity of ideas and talent that we've all come to know and ignore as the federal Liberal leadership race.

At 35,000 feet (10,000 metres) above Moose Jaw, your average Liberal looking down below sees the bleakness of his party's future mirrored in the wheatfield landscape below.

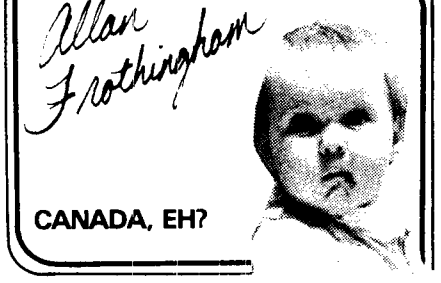
Think of how it feels for Kowalski, riding in the baggage compartment.

But Kowalski's quixotic ride to the Liberal leadership has made gains in the past, oh, 45 minutes, that seem incredible.

From his start in total obscurity on the ill-kept putting green, his profile has risen to rival those of contenders Donald Johnston, John Munro and Mark MacGuigan.

Uh, let me put that another way.

Actually, the meteoric candidacy of the Face that Walks Like a Foot might have passed unnoticed by even such a perceptive wordsmith as me, the column that reads like a dirge, but for the fact that my usual foursome at the Point grey course started without me.



In a blue mood, contrasting sharply with the lotusland-BMW mellow I usually live for, I went to the UEL course to dig a few divots on my own.

And there I met Kowalski, the face.

"Sharpen your spikes?" he asked as I savagely bent my putter around the peg at the first hole.

I soon had occasion to recant the surly epithet I first hurled his way when he came to the real purpose of his advance. He started talking, for no reason at all, about the University of B.C.

He said that what UBC's vapid intellectuals need now are two qualities academics lack — guts and persistence.

UBC's president as of last year, George Pedersen, spoke to every major chamber of commerce this last year, from Spuzzum to Yahk; he spoke with the print and video medias and the rag The Ubyssey, all with the hope of influencing the public in favor of the university against the Socreds.

The actions were akin to the captain of the Titanic shouting to the waves to turn back the iceberg which sank him — nive effort, poor strategy.

Meanwhile, the faculty bravely simpered in the hold, discussing new wave and wind dynamics theories. The board of governors said the shock might cause favorable alterations to the skiff.

Hot-damn, I thought, he talks just like me.

He tossed in a few more jabs at the province, dazzled me with some figures on federal education spending, and I was sold. He left off with a siren call to the UBC faculty, for years B.C.'s best springhead for effete Liberals.

He said that despite all their efforts the ship sunk. The only hope it salvaging the wreck with an ounce of guts, persistent guts.

Faculty members — who will soon have lost their jobs without muttering — could at least, as an example to others, mutter a belated whimper from the ocean's murky bottom by voting non-confidence in their executive, who signed a firing proceedure for them behind their backs.

And with that, Kowalski dropped his spike-sharpener and headed in the direction of the airport, slapping Air Canada baggage stickers on himself as he went.

FRom the general area of UBC, a new political force, rivaling past such past UBC spewings as John Turner, Pat Carney and J.V. Clyne.

If you see him again, remember, you read it here first.

Editorial rages

Scab tab fab, not drab

We're back.

But not for long.

The paper you're reading today isn't quite the same as The Provice you might be used to.

In fact, while some of the writers may be familiar to you, most their copy was written before this ridiculous strike started.

The rest was written by, well . . . us.

Yes, we're scabs. And damn proud of it because we're getting pay cheques.

We're the management of this paper, and we're certainly not going to let those greedy unions beat us, are we? No way. Besides, we make more money than them. And we have cushier jobs than they do, and so why should we have to suffer?

Nobody said we were journalists, and even less will make that claim after reading today's paper, but we care. About our jobs. About our salaries. About ourselves.

We used to care about you. But no more.

That compassion is gone along with the future of this bright new, acab Tab. Light, tight and trite, the great experiment seems to be over before it began. A hiccup in history.

The death of this paper will depend solely on a financial basis, the way it should be. The Southam Way.

But someone has to benefit from this.

And that's why we're putting this paper out. To help ourselves.

Sure, we're not very good writers. And our layout stinks. And we can't spell to wel. But we've never pretended to be anything but the cold, heartless bastards that we really are.

$35,000 goes up in smoke

J. Bob Carter can seem to get away with anything!

I am incensed that Vancouver's flamboyant oil tycoon can flaunt the law and smoke inside B.C. Place stadium.

What does he think he is — above the law? While the masses sat and drank their beers, without cigarettes, the Vancouver Whitecaps owner sat in his $35,000 a year private box area and smoked — against stadium rules.

If he can get away with this, what is to stop him from getting away with something worse!

Shame on you J. Bob.

J.R. EARWIG
Dallas

Thanks, Bill

I would like to thank Premier Bill Bennett for all the great things he has done fir this province and my family.

All my All mah family are employed in jobs that pull in the loot, and our new used car is the best we've ever had.

R. NECK
Bumbler Ridge

Union likes Bill

Beautiful B.C. Place has greatly enriched the atmosphere in the West End. The Grey Cup attracted so many beautiful people to wander through the scenic neighborhood and to park their cars where us hoods can steal them.

The pickpockets and thieves of the West End thank Bill for inviting so many tourists to Vancouver.

UNION OF THIEVES
AND PICKPOCKETS

Eat it

I applaud the efforts of our caring and benevolent Social Credit leaders in trying to keep the wolves from our doors, but I want to let our beloved premier know that our family is already trying to relieve the pressure on government by taking positive action of our own.

Perhaps our example will make the wolf hunt unnecessary. The last time the wolf was at our door, we ate him.

MARIANNE BOBBIES
Just evicted, Vancouver

Pathetic plea

We, the undersigned former employees of The Province, would like to register our disagreement with the above editorial and disavow any connection with the April 4, 1984 edition of The Provice.

In addition, we would like to present to the newspaper's readership the following statement of our reasons for

ELI SOAPBOX
and 57 others

RANT OF THE DAY

That was not me you saw last Friday night cruising through the West End and unsuccessfully trying to talk those women into getting into my car. I was definitely somewhere else between 10 and 11:30 p.m. And I was not drunk.

And if it was me, I was only trying to get more information in order to convince the federal government something has to be done about the hooker problem. But it wasn't me anyway.

MIKE HARCOURT
City Hall, Vancouver

Sick and tired

I think all right thinking people in this province are sick and tired of being told that ordinary decent people in this province are fed up with being sick and tired.

I am certainly not, and I'm sick and tired of being told that I am.

ROMALEIGH SHAUGHNESSY UPPSHOTTE
(aided by M.P.)

Dave sickens

I was disgusted to see pictures of Dave Barrett and his merry band of pinkos published in your paper March 15. As a Grade 8 student who already knows from our premier who art in Victoria that commies are bad, and Dave The Red is a commie. I would rather see pictures of Rev. Jerry and Mr. Reagan which set good examples for younger children to group up like.

SEE WHAT
Vancouver

No dimension

Help me. I am not a faceless number, I am a free being and I do exist. Your photographer wrote down that Alistair Crowley is my favorite author and it was only by the sinister influence of that horrible man that it was made possible for me to be photographed in any dimension.

My favorite author is a pre-Christian Chaldean philosopher whose works were all burned by the Moslems and whom I read by way of ancestral memory, and instead of my picture you ran one of a mangy orangutang. You owe me some money, bub.

STEVE McCLURE
Slough, England

Black book

I am writing a book (for profit and/or a tax deduction), about the Black Hole of Calcutta.

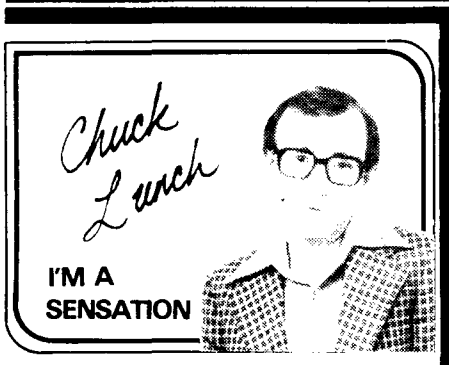
I was wondering if you could possibly find out if by any remote chance any of your readers were in said Hole in or about 1947.

Please call me at (416) 585-5222 at your expense — Canadian authors can't afford collect calls — if you can help me.

MARGARET ATWOOD
The East

Letters will be considered for publication when right-wing authorship can be authenticated by telephone, carrier pigeon or Michael Walker. Cute letters will also be considered, despite authorship. Please give home and business telephone numbers (tough luck if you are unemployed). The editor reserves the right to condense letters, take phrases out of context, or to file your poetic prose in the big round filing cabinet, along with the remnants of lunch.

GASBAGS



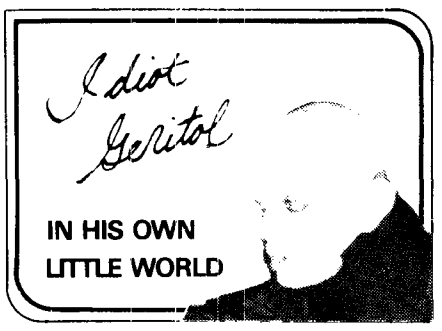
Commie threat spreads

Recent events in the Maldive Islands have given the Reagan administration yet another foreign policy headache. The Maldives, a cluster of tiny atolls scattered through the Indian Ocean somewhere to the south of India, are perhaps best known because of the fact that outside of the people who live in the islands, few other people on earth have ever heard of them, know where they are, or care.

According to my always reliable informats, this time corroborated by a lengthy illustrated story in Jerry Falwell's newsletter, young male Cubans are slowly infiltrating the Maldivian social system. In the past 12 months, four Cubans have been granted extended visas, bringing to 11 the number who have surreptitiously settled there during the past three years. Ostensibly fishermen, my informant tells me the Cubans collectively own three fishing boasts, eight machetes, two Toyota Kingcabs, and three Lee Enfield rifles. The Cubans have evidently justified the Lee Enfields by saying they use them for dispatching sharks entangled in their fishing nets, as dealing with hammerheads using the machetes is not to their tastes.

A likely story. As the Falwell article points out, at the present rate of Cuban migration, in another five years the Cuban presence will be sufficient to overthrow the Maldivian government and take over, at least in the minds of the Maldivians who actually know they are being governed and by whom.

This would present the U.S. with no end of problems. The Cubans, always the stooges of the Kremlin, as my readers know, would then be in a position to threaten the Islamic states



from the southeast, that is if they can find a base between the Persian Gulf and the Maldives. The Maldives themselves are so isolated their strategic value is practically nonexistent. Despite the fact that all the maps I have looked at show there is nothing between the Maldives and the Gulf but Indian Ocean, I am certain such bases exist. The last edition of the John Birch Society newsletter reports the Russians are working on a gigantic artificial island just for such a purpose.

In addition, a communist presence in the Maldives would give the warlords in the Kremlin something they have never had before, a Soviet equivalent to Hawaii and Florida to sun their atrophying bodies in. American intelligence is mortified by this thought, for they have long feared that should the Russians discover the joys of Bain de Soleil and skindiving they might turn their rapacious appetites elsewhere in search of other sun and surf spots. In the NATO alliance, such an occurance would put a severe psychological strain on members such as France and Spain, with their abundance of Mediterranean beaches and affordable tourist accomodation.

In the past, for reasons which have always escaped me, the Soviets have directed their intriques at such dumps as Afghanistan and Poland, neither of which Arthur Frommer deemed it necessary to write tourist guides about. The attitude in the West was, hell, if its Afghanistan they want let them have it, we'll just make a token protest.

The Maldive situation has the strategists in the U.S. state department in a quandry. They look at what all those years in the California sun did to President Reagan, and thank their lucky stars the geezer is so senile his handlers can keep him under check. The Politburo, consisting of twelve Reagan equivalents, is another matter. To this end, I've learned from an anonymous Pentagon janitor, the U.S.S. Missouri is being refitted to blow the Maldives off the map and show the Soviets the Reagan administration means business.

My informant assures me the Pentagon is confident this is a military engagement they can win, thus restoring American prestige in the eyes of right wing columnists like myself who think the U.S. has been far too soft in standing up to the Kremlin. In addition such a move would relieve world tension, all the peaceniks being gratefull that once again the U.S. asserted their version of "the right stuff" on another tiny, insignificant country instead of someplace important where the consequences might be fateful.

More on this in my next column after I finish the newest Robert Ludlum novel.

OTTAWA — Meaning no disrespect to My colleagues across the land, but a good number of them have taken to grand standing lately, soley for public attention if you can believe it.

And since the Day After Mr. Trudeau emerged from the most important blizzard in 16 years of stormy Liberal weather, it's gotten worse. (Of course you'll remember I predicted Trudeau's resignation would be on Feb. 29 in My March 1 column printed in The Provice.)

It all started at the press conference with Liberal party president Iona Campagnola here in Ottawa.

Somebody should have crazy glued columnist Douglas Fischer's pants to the press centre chairs. Every time I went to ask a question, there was Fischer. I'm sure it was no coincidence that it happened to be a nationally televised event since Fischer, like others, wouldn't bother otherwise.

And then there's Mike Duffy, the humpty dumpty of Canadian journalism. Duffy doesn't have to compete for television time. But the way he was gladhanding at the B.C. provincial Liberal convention last weekend, you'd think Mike was racing for the flower.

(We often refer to each other in columns by our first names in the hope the favour will be returned someday.)

You're probably wondering how a national columnist gets information for a regular column — not thay My columns are regular.

In fact My wife tells me at the breakfast table that they're irregular.

She says 'Chuck, they're just like you Chuck. Right of to Lunch.' My wife has a bad sense of humour, unlike Me.

It's not hard to get information when you're a national affairs columnist. From across the land, tips and tattlings come in about colleagues all the time.

For example with Duffy, an old Liberal friend called up and said he'd seen Mike in John Munro's hospitality suite drunker than Harvey Kirck.

"Does he always get that drunk on Liberal cabinet minister's booze?" she asked.

Well, I thought to Myself, with those type of standards Mike will never be the kingmaker I am. Munro!

Grandstanding hasn't always taken the form of grabbing the bright lights of TV. Alan Frothingham, the Natural Groupie of Print (NGP), is always grandstanding, to be blunt.

It's not uncommon for the Froth to ad nauseum moan about how it's not the same here as in Vancouver while he's getting sloshed at the National Press club.

But he needs to get attention somehow since his column doesn't get much lately.

The trouble with Frothingham, my friend Alan, apart from his preoccupation with West Coast weather, is his obvious inability to prognosticate the countries future.

It used to be that Frothingham and Myself were fighting for readers in the two competing Vancouver dailies.

As it turns out, when the two major chains sorted out which company would get what city, we ended up in the same paper. But also it turns out, The Provice will cease publishing after My column appears in this edition.

It's a sad day when a paper folds — even the Provice.

Turner's old hangout the same

In the past two days, ever since John "Chick" Turner decided to go for the number-two job in Canada (number one is Conrad Black's) yours truly has been bombarded by requests from varied sources, from BCTV to my teenage daughter (she kept mumbling about "those blue eyes" for so long, I thought Frank Sinatra was coming to town) to tell of the days when Chick and I worked together at The Ubyssey.

I've spent so much time talking about them that it finally got me wondering how these poor students today put up with queries about Johnny's lurid past. Thus, I decided to pay a little visit to my old west of Alma Mater's student journal.

And why not? After all, these were children of the computer age. They'd probably gone soft, typing silly stories based on old journalistic maxims into some IBM super printing press. I was sure that they could use some advice from an old pubster like myself, who was weaned on Underwoods, deadlines, and beer — lots of beer.

It's amazing how things change. After tumbling off the bus, the first thing I noticed on my way to Brock Hall was that they put a two-storey building over my favorite makeout spot. (Sorry, my contract says one stupid, leering innuendo per column. You want humor, read Grim Failure.)

The second thing I found out, much to my embarassment, was that the Ubyssey office had moved. After spending twenty minutes in a large, plush room, watching eager reporters pore over story ideas neatly typed and posted on bulletin boards. I suddenly realized that I was sitting in the unemployment office. They didn't just move to another room, they had moved to another building altogether. I finally got directions to the new premises, which turned out to be in that new building.

I soon learned that the architects of the new building didn't know how to design doors. This one was too small. Finally a ten-year-old kid — probably some editor's younger brother — gave me a tug and I squeaked thru.

"Thank you very much, young man," I said, tipping the boy a quarter.

I paused in my wheezing to look at my surroundings. I liked the unemployment office better, though I admit this was more reminiscent of the old days. There were typewriters and paper everywhere.

Boy. Some things *HAD* changed.

I was introduced to the cufrent staff — barely children, I thought to myself. All in all, they were a polite bunch, although I'm not sure why they kept talking about their old colds. Must have been some epidemic here recently — everyone kept talking about the "old hack" and how to get rid of him.

You know how that old adage goes — things change, but some things stay the same. It was certainly true in my case.

In the first place, the group went out for pizza. When I worked here, we did the same thing, ordering from Mel's Pizza. They were a favorite of Chick's, I remember, he liked them because after eating one he could use his breath as a lethal weapon, especially against the chief, Les Boweley.

In the second place, some kids were still pounding away on their typewriters. I don't hear that sound very often nowadays. It brought me back to those times when Chick and I and the rest of the crew started pounding on the keys, to give ol' Les the impression that we were busy. We managed to fool him very well; I guess he thought the gibberish he pulled out of our typewriters was Latin or Greek or something.

You see, if we weren't busy, then Les would assign us to type the classifieds, or what they now call Tweens. We regarded them the same as we regarded condoms: necessary for our livelihood, but embarassing to work with. (Hey, another one. Next coy double entendre means a bonus.)

I walked over to one of the people who was typing and asked him why he was in such a hurry. He looked up at me and replied, "Because if I don't get this finished on time we'll be at the printers 'til three in the morning again."

He didn't know how lucky he was. In my day, when 0300 rolled around, we were still in the office, listening to Les as he gave us another lecture on the evils of Communism. We were lucky in sneaking some booze in, disguised as tea. Chick was usually asleep on our couch, training for his future career as an MP.

Looking around the office again, I smiled to myself and imagined Les dying of apoplexy the moment he walked in.

And finally, in the middle of the meeting, one of the guys got up and walked into an adjacent office. Five seconds later he walked out and rejoined the group — with a bottle of beer in his hand. Delighted, I too walked to that adjacent office. I should have known the guy who designed the first door would have designed the second. Finally someone pulled me out, walked in, emerged with two bottles and handed me one.

"How much is in there?" I asked.

The Provi ce

a Southam newspaper

Geriatric Hasbeen..... Publisher
Slob McSlurry..... Managing Editor
Damn Illworth..... Editorial Page Editor

W.C.(Buck) BreederAdvertising Director
Nuke Tehran..... Circulation Manager

Editorial Bored:
Psycho Walker, Geriatric Hasbeen,
Damn Illworth, Fallow Overdue

2133 Granville St., Vancouver, B.C.
G it's Hot, 3 gets 2
Last year no union label

Member of the B.C. Confess Coundil

Plump centre seen

Gilessa Van Plumpter says she'd like to see the West End become the dance centre of North America by 1990 — and when Plumpter sets her mind it has a way of happening.

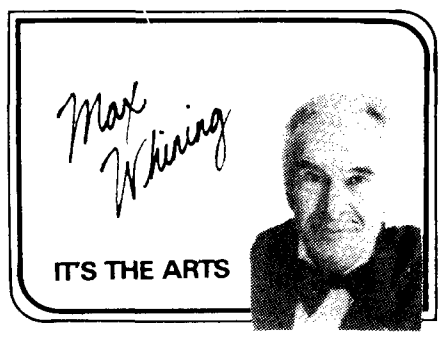
Plumpter, 18, is the red bloooded ex-East Ender who's responsible, under foot department boss Flex Medadarsal for the end's art's flatenning program. She's the one — who started dancing practically in utero — who makes the decision about which mother gets dancing lessons in the first trimester of pregnancy.

She is also the one who tries to get the new arts and culture fetuses off the ground — but like the pre-conception movement exercises scheme, it's still under review.

In a minor way, she practices what she advocates. She has done some fetal directing at the zygote level, and is a member of the West End's musical under water birthing and breathing society.

Feige Bulber, manager of the Underwater Symphony Sociedty, says "East-Enders need a person who is prepared to join the struggle to dance everywhere including under water, and the city is fortunate to have Gilessa."

What makes her so successful with the dance community is her no-nonsense support of unborn or potential dancers. In



Gilessa's scheme of things backs are the last to get scratched.

Gilessa didn't plan to stay in the West End — but the water won her over. She took a job in January that was established by another red-blooded East-Ender, pioneer cultural water breaker Marina Della.

Her first major move was the production of a major submarine survey of the economic impact of the arts and flats on the ocean floor. And it's that as much as anything that won her credibility in the local swimming pool (where, in a time of restraint, chlorine grants are annually undercut).

She also wins friends with her commitment to culture in the broadest sense. Not just the West Coast but also the Atlantic.

PEEPHOLE

Little **Prince William** has joined in the fine old family tradition of pestering and maiming small wild animals. All of Britain was cooing and chuckling last week over pictures in all the leading newspapers of the heir to the throne swinging a hedgehog at the end of a rope.

The pictures were taken after a royal hunting trip at Balmoral Castle which yielded a bag of 14 pheasant, seven hares and a poacher. ■ ■ ■

Brooke Shields has added another award to her collection.

The teenage model, who is also allegedly an actress and a student at Princeton, has been crowned "Miss Eyebrows '84" by the Facial Hair Club of Philadelphia.

Shields, whose eyebrows have been steadily growing together since she was 12 years old, easily outdistanced her nearest competitor, actress **Kristy McNichol,** who has decided to grow a beard.

Slime of the Day

name GEORGE age 40ish
astrology sign NO PARKING
place of birth MARS
occupation BUREAUCRAT
likes HIDING UNDER DESK
dislikes CLASSROOMS, YOUNG PEOPLE
hobbies CHICKEN SEXING
favorite music SHOPPING CENTRES
favorite authors SIDNEY SHELDON, STEPHEN KING

If you have an IQ of 19 or under and want to be our Slime of the Day, you're too late because the paper has folded. We'll say it slowly so you can read our lips. Paper won't come no more, dummy.

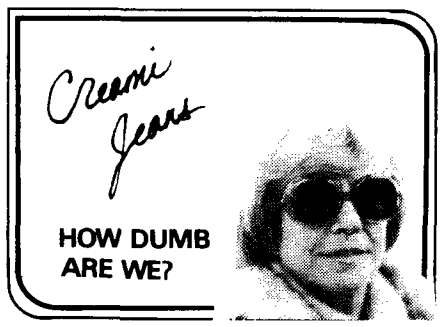
Newspapers are so boring — don't you think?

Boom-chag-a-laga-laga
Boom-chag-a-laga-laga
—Sly Stone

Sometimes it's hard to think up a column, just the way it was probably hard for Sly to know just exactly what to sing that would take us all higher in those innocent naive days of meth freaks and street battles.

Like, sometimes I'm sitting in a restaurant with one of my friends who are so adamnant about remaining anonymous if I write up the experience in my column, and nobody, I mean *nobody* around us says anything that could be turned into a few paragraphs of cultural naval-gazing.

I mean, gimme a break. Oh, you know, you think it's easy. I just have to listen to some weepy AM radio song on my to aerobics class and right away I'll be able to chat about some new behavior that's expected of the Modern Woman. Well it so



happens I listen to FM at home and I have a friend who explains it to me so I can chat about the meaning of Bob Dylan, too.

What was I talking about? It'll come to me. Something always does. I mean, if nothing else I can always give another try at reading the newspaper. (Newspapers are so boring, don't you think?)

Well. Here's a news item. It's about rock vidios. Isn't that nice? You bet.

Oops. Forgot to tell you the whole business gives me a feeling of vague foreboding. Rock videos, newspapers, everything. Not that I feel I know enough to take a stnad on any of it, you know, it's all so *complicated,* but gosh it all sounds so serious and it just gives me the creeps.

Like when I see some show on television (I forget which one, either the one in the kitchen or the one on the balcony; I know I was eating something exotic at time, I forget what) and it's all about how the world really could come to an end, or maybe keep on going but all these awful things could happen.

And right away, I know I've got to say something about it, about the way it reminds me of bubble gum. I mean the way that after it loses its flavor the gum won't even stay soft' it gets so **hard** and **rubbery.** Grody, eh?

Then there's the sexual revolution, which I read somewhere is the only revolution in which volunteers find it hard to enlist. Sure, I keep in touch with it mostly through joke books, but you don't know how many I have to research and besides it allows me to write off my Garfield collection on my income tax.

I once read a wonderful piece about how the sexual revolution betrayed us. It talked about us "buying" ideas and images — of bodies, of people, of sexuality — as surely as we buy our cars or houses. And wouldn't you know, I looked all over for a price list but they'd left out the important stuff.

It's almost as if no one anywhere cards strongly enough to make their emotional commitments a reality. No, I'm not being hysterical; I'm just wondering.

There's often this thought in the back of my mind, just where I can't reach it, that television commercials are not the best reflection of what our lives are like and that

Serious business

The Provi ce

Wednesday
April 4, 1984

Bill flaunted

Just one week after the End of the Recession, and in defiance of a new law, several food banks and unemployment centres have kept their doors open to the public.

And there are signs the anarchy could spread.

The new law, Bill C-368, which went into effect Monday, forbids the operation of an unemployment centre, welfare office, food bank or day care centre.

The law, passed in the House of Commons and supported by all provinces, came on the heels of the End of the Recession, which was announced by federal and provincial governments March 29, (now a national holiday).

But some rebel social centres, said to be ruled by extremist social workers and unemployed youth, are refusing to shut their doors.

And that's got some government officials mad.

"Where's a rifle, I just need a rifle," yelled B.C. environment minister Tony Brummett. "Shot 'em. Just shoot 'em. Kill. Blood, traps. . .arrrrgh. . .commie wolves. . .kill."

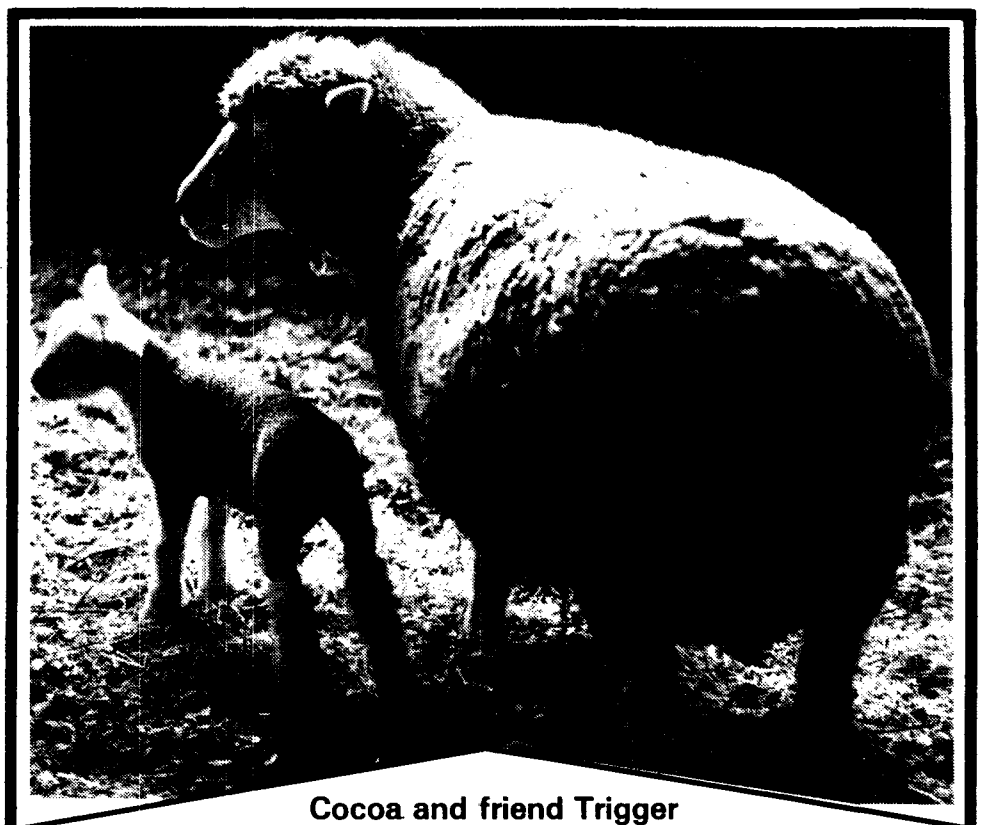
But B.C. premier Bill Bennett said Brummett's stance did not echo government policy. "We are not looking at killing these people, which would be a resource-waste and, perhaps, a negative thing for negative people. We are examining alternatives."

Some of the protesting social centres have vowed to remain open until the new law is repealed, or exams are almost over, or until "we are carried out on bloody sticks," said one of the terrorists.

Bennett, the provincial cabinet, federal representatives, and policy advisors such as Psycho Walker of the Fraser Institute, a right-wing drunk tank, are all meeting in Kelowna this weekend to discuss options available to them.

An informed source has told The Province one of those options could be sterilization for offenders. "It's an idea Walker came up with," said the source, who asked not to be identified but whose initials are N.S. "What a card that guy is."

Other options to be discussed include internment camps, public floggings, garroting and tying suspects over ant hills with honey in their eyes and ears. But Bennett said there



Cocoa and friend Trigger are just two of the many featured performers at this weekend's first annual International Beastiality Fair and Exposition at the PNE Agrodome. Sponsored by the provincial government in its attempt to attract more trade conventions, the affair is expected to draw delegates from around the world, many of whom will be wearing sunglasses.

Stockholders gather at University of B.C. for first meeting after government sold universities to private sector and students grabbed shares at up to $1,500 a piece. Stockholders voted to buy 10 per cent share in government publications and invest reserves in public school system, now trading at all-time low.

LATEST GOVERNMENT CUTS SPELL END OF WORLD

By ROD MIDDLEOFTHEROAD

Government officials and private sector employers warned Tuesday the province's labor climate could turn worse following the state execution of 10 of B.C.'s labor leaders, The Provice has learned.

At a press conference Tuesday, attended by a Provice reporter-photographer team, Labor Minister Bob McClelland said the shootings were the government's last attempt to end the dispute and restore calm to the province's industrial relations climate.

"The gloves are off," the labot minister said in an interview later with **The Provice.**

"We regret this action was necessary, but lawlessness and refusal to work cannot be condoned in a free society," a ministry official told **The Provice.**

An investigation by **The Provice** has indicated, however, that employers' groups approve of the government's new tough line.

"Austerity and discipline are here to say," a businessman, who asked not to be identified, told The Provice.

Bark Mulch, of the Confab of timber-related industries, agreed in a phone interview with The Provice. "But I hope it's not too late. The government may have delayed too long before getting involved," Mulch is reported to have said in a meeting with senior government officals last week, The Provice has learned.

A random sampling of opinion outside the Redneck Bar and Grill, conducted by The Provice, indicated strong support for the government's new tactic to arrive at a settlement with striking troublemakers.

"With unemployment at 50 per cent these people should be at work instead of protesting what the government has been trying to do," one man said.

"Yeah, that's right," another told The Provice.

"Exactly," said someone else.

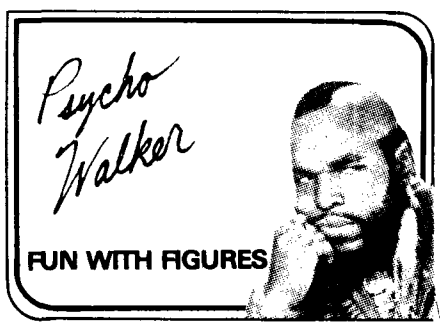
Union officials were unavailable for comment.

The price of having totalitarian regimes

I'm madder than a one-legged rabbit over the latest government intrusion in our lives. Reports from Ottawa — or should I call it Moscow — say the feds are going to step in to reinstate mandatory motor vehicle testing.

I say an Island teenager death is a small price to pay for all of us to have a little liberty restored. The whining yap of those bleeding heart, do-gooder Liberals back in Canada's Kremlin only masks their real intention, the installation of a godless, one-party socialist state. What's a few deaths compared to stopping the imposition of a totalitarian regime?

Besides, when God in his infinite wisdom decides your time is up, that's it, pal, you're gone, and no amount of government intrusion into the lives of freedom-loving citizens is going to change that.



I have here in my column the names of 205 Communists in the federal government, including the cabinet, the prime minister, and most of the privy council office. Governor General Ed Schreyer himself has more than fifteen known Communist affiliations.

Their well-known plot for complete global domination is well-documented, but you would never know that from the reports we read in most newspapers. Of course, anyone who has even remote experience with politicians, journalists and the incestous relations between the two groups shouldn't be surprised by the silence of the media towards this dark threat.

Their silence on other matters is well documented. For example, where was the media during the Soviet-backed housing crisis in Canada last year. In large cities and small towns across the country, business executives were unable to buy reasonably-priced mansions and modest estates. This scandolous affair went undetected by the national media until they covered my seminar last week.

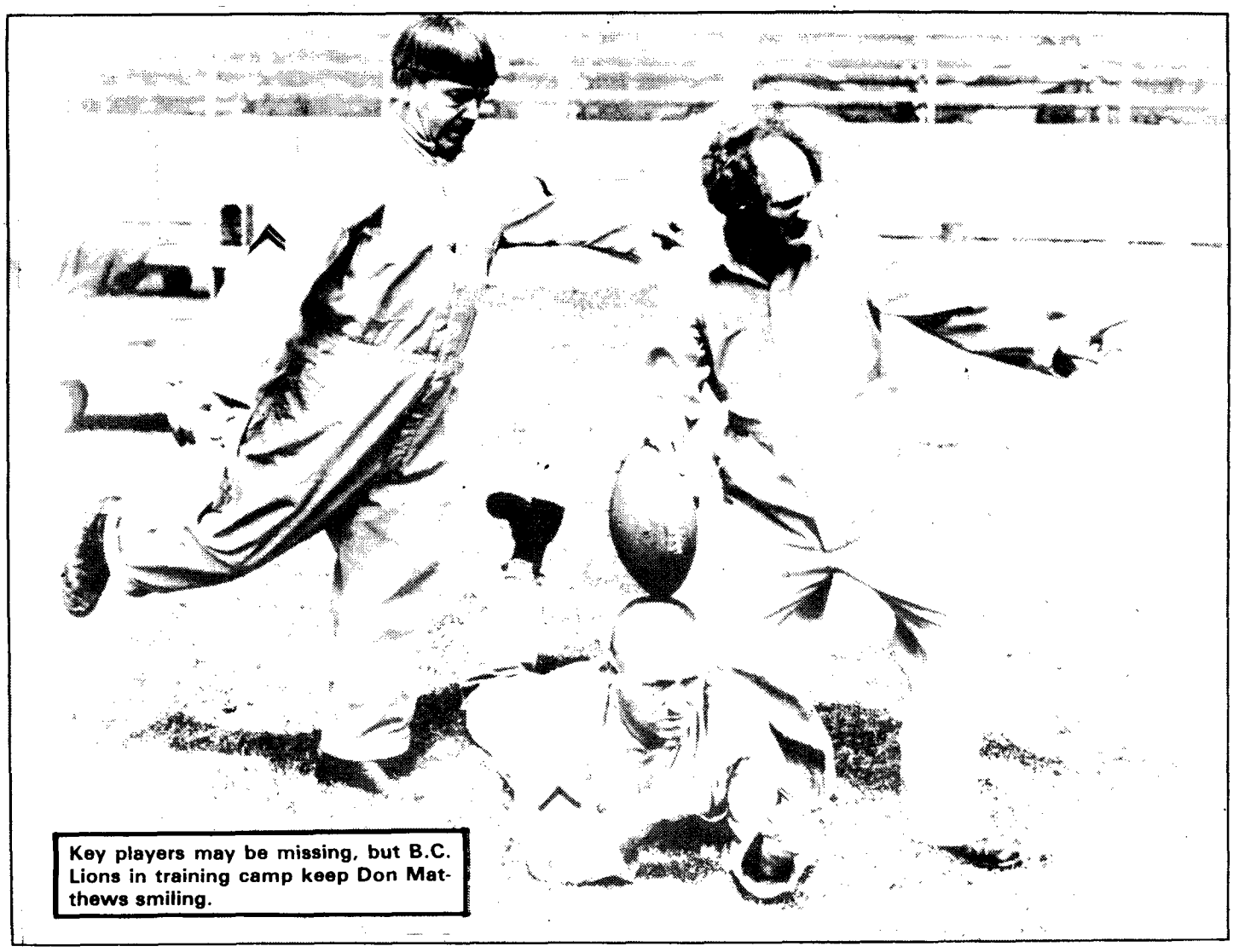
Thankfully, we don't have much of that nonsense, here. Our provincial government has decided to listen to reason, a source sadly lacking in these troubled days.

Did I say reason? I meant treason. At least that's the case with NDP provincial caucus. Their outrageous behaviour during the budget "fight" is nothing short of a slap-in-the-face to the Queen, Premier Bennett and every right-thinking citizen in this province.

So there.

And what about rent controls? Those in favor of them are also in favor of (and this is well-documented) mind controls. The relationship between the two evils is clear to most people.

And those that don't see it clearly, can find out more from my right-wing drunk tank, the Fraser Institute. Write care of this paper.



Key players may be missing, but B.C. Lions in training camp keep Don Matthews smiling.

NEW SPORTS INCENTIVES BREWING

Canadian's have made a sensational breakthrough in the drug war that is being fought out in international athletics, according to a Montreal chemist.

The scientist, who wished to remain nameless, said that they have been able to take up to two seconds off the 100m time of some Canadian performers.

The amazing thing is that the discovery is not in the field of pharmaceuticals but in brewing.

The research team, sponsored by a brewery which wishes to remain nameless but who own the television rights to the summer Olympics, started out by trying psychological methods. They would place a bus stop at the end of the track and have the bus begin to pull out as the starters gun went off.

"The problem was many runners, especially those from Vancouver, have hardly ever seen a bus," said the scientist.

Next they tried to combine psychology with anatomy. "We now know intimately the bladder capacity of every one of our athletes. At a carefully calculated time before the race the runners drink an amount of beer measured by a computer to fill their needs." By the time the race starts they are desperate to unfill their needs; hence the record times.

When asked if the athletes could still run in a straight line the scientist said "yes, because we give them U.S. beer".

Put a tanked tiger in right place

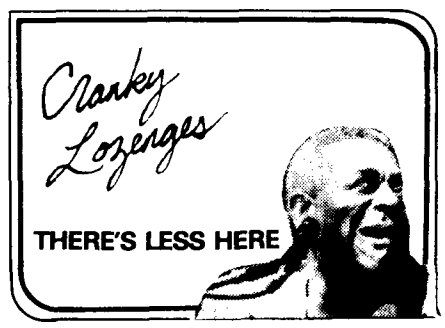
Sure I'm short. And so's this column. But I don't like jokes about it, and that's why I'm more than a little miffed with Dave Williams' attempt to put me in a dressing room waste-basket after yet another Canuck loss last week.

It seems the Tiger got a little sore about a comment I supposedly made about his allegedly low IQ, and he returned with a jibe about my height (or lack of it). I can take a joke as well as the next guy past his prime, but Tiger went a little overboard when he tried to roll me into a little ball and throw me away. You can't do that to the press.

Why am I telling you, faithful reader, all this? Perhaps it's because I think few people realize some of the hazards and hard work that come with a five-time-a-week column.

Like what? Well, like having to leaf through stacks and stacks of Sports Illustrateds, The Sporting News, Sport, and Inside Sports magazines. My research techniques allow me to steal quotes, gossip and other tidbits without having to actually go out of the office and do original reporting.

And why should I? I've been writing this column for what seems like a hundred years, and I guess I'm entitled to a few quirks.



As a matter of fact, my altercation with Williams was your faithful scribe's first visit to a Canucks' game since their old glory days when they played in the old Western League in the old Forum at the old PNE.

But that doesn't stop me from waxing eloquently and proficiently on pretty well anything I darn like.

Take baseball, the great national pastime. It's spring again, but I can confidently say the Tigers of Detroit will play like demons and grab the pennant in September. But how do I know the Bengals will prevail? I haven't been to a baseball game, let alone a Tigers' game, since 1937, when men were men and the word "spike" wasn't a pussyfooter volleyball term. For wimps like me.

The knowledge in my old noggin all comes from the mags I've mentioned. What better way to do my job? It reminds me of something old Ted Williams used to say to me: "How come you're so short, dirtface?"

The reason I'm not even shorter, Teddy Ballgame, is because I've stopped interviewing players like yourself (and Dave Williams, too) after they lose. I used to be over six feet tall until I ran into a steaming Bobby Hull after a tight Black Hawk loss.

NOTES, QUOTES FROM EVERYWHERE AND THEREABOUTS:

Gordie Howe, after a traffic accident in which he was involved claimed the life of another motorist: "I elbowed open the windows, and tried to pull the guy out of the car, but it started to burn and he went up faster than one of my backhands. Got, it was hot. Can I have a drink?"

Remember how they introduced Tims Bits at the **Tim Horton** donut shoppes a few years back, just after the great defenceman splattered himself across a few kilometres of Ontario highway? Ever wonder where they come from?

A trivia question: who killed **Bill Masterton?** Hint, they never won the trophy named after the late No-Star.

Tourny ends up in mud

The first international mud-slinging tournament dissolved today in a flurry of name calling. A team from the U.S. led by ex-vice president and building contractor, Spiro T. Agnew, withdrew over what it characterized as 'inacceptable epitheting'.

The event, organsed by *Homemakers* magazine was intended to foster better international understanding. A spokesman for the Kelowna winemakers, who were sponsoring the tournament under the slogan 'An insult to good taste in any language.' said that the first prize, the Brezhnev boot, would be withheld this year.

The dispute was over a question of parliamentary procedure. Under British rules it is acceptable to insult an opponents integrity but not their honesty, but in America the reverse applied.

When Canadian team member Eddie Shack said of Mr. Agnew that he could forgive him being a crook, a thief and a liar, Mr. Agnew stood up to object. Afte the ex-National League Hockey player had dealt with his opponents objection he concluded that what he objecte to was Mr. Agnew's stupidity at getting caught. Mr. Agnew had himself carried out.

Mrs. Crotchet, speaking for the organizers, said the event had been a great success. "There are those who believe that if the peoples of the world could only understand each other their would be no international tensions. Today's events demonstrate that the reverse is really true. If the Russian people knew what most Americans think about htem they'd drop the big one tomorrow."

Craps dump

They're rolling up the carpet at the Pacific Coliseum. But before they carry it over to B.C. Place so that Vancouver's premier kickers can begin their second out-door season indoors under the dome they'd better get it dry-cleaned.

Johnny Gile wanted a team of little terriers, and that's what he got. Kept indoors for the winter the lads did what any self-respecting mutt would have; they doo-dooed all over the rug.

In the end they stank up the arena on Renfrew St. so bad that no one would go near the place when they played.

So what did the board do? They took their pooper-scooper and shoveled out the trainer. It's like blaming old professor Pavlov when his dog barked. They should, of course, have shot the dogs.

So, the indoor season was a bust. This was, of course, entirely predictable. In Canada even the football players go home in December and don't reappear until summer. God made this country so that, for four months of the year at least, hockey would be the only team sport humans could play (unless you count wolf-kills).

The fact they are in Vancouver and are playing indoors does not detract from the error of the Whitecaps way and they were punished. While the Canuckleheads, who are surely the chosen ones, were led into the promised land of milk and honey and the Smythe division playoffs (as predicted by their holy prophet in this very column) the pagan sorcerers were visited with seven

Good Woman satisfies all

By CHARLIE FIDELMAN

Three gods in search of one good human being on earth pass through Setzuan. Only one person is good enough to provide them with a night's lodgings, the prostitute Shen Te. The gods depart happy that their quest is fulfilled, happy with their proof of goodness on earth.

Having coerced money from the gods, Shen Te opens a tobacco shop. She truly becomes a good person, philanthropic and extremely generous. When the gods check with the water boy on Shen Te's progress, the audience see the gods from their heavenly perch on the scaffoldings.

Bertolt Brecht's
The Good Woman of Setzuan
Directed by Claire Brown

The audience is right on stage with the players and the action. The audience is invited into the play through the Brechtian (alienation) style of narrating a story; Brecht's characters step in and out of their roles to communicate directly with the audience.

Having the gods amidst the wires and props is an exercise in juxtaposing illusion with reality. This theatrical device restores spectacle to the theater. Brecht does not pretend to simulate reality, so his scenes have a heightened sense of illusion: along with the actors we step into the make-believe and magic on stage.

The immediate intimacy of the audience calls for a different kind of set design. Designer Nancy Ford created a three cornered set that facilitated easy movement of action and environment. Shen Te's shop transforms quickly from a bare abode to a lavish home and restaurant.

Pity is a thorn in Shen Te's side. Those seeking help are parasites who obviously take advantage of her kindness.

But a fictitious uncle — really Shen Te in disguise — takes care of the dirty work, driving the parasites away, and setting up a tobacco factory.

However, Shen Te becomes pregnant. As the pregnancy advances, Shui Ta the uncle gets fatter and She Te is seen less often until she is completely replaced by the uncle. Shui Ta negotiates a marriage for Shen Te with the barber Shu Fu (Robert Doyle). Shu Fu is inherently evil, but he inadvertently does good in a self-serving way. Brecht's play is an actor's show: total human beings, multi-faceted, neither good nor bad.

Meanwhile, the people of Setzuan accuse Shui Ta of harming Shen Te. They accuse him of murder and put him on trial. The people want the good woman back. By coincidence, the three gods are also curious about Shen Te whom they haven't seen or heard.

An illegal substitution of the judges takes place, with the gods disguised as the judges. They are later recognized as the divinities by the water boy (Lyle Moon, who gives an excellent performance), and the uncle requests a private audience. Shui Ta then reveals he is the one and only Shen Te. The ecstatic gods leave for heaven with a job well done on earth. But Shen Te and the rest of Setzuan aren't the better for the deities' words of wisdom — "the gods help those that help themselves." They even leave a small problem of the unsolved trial behind.

Every dilemma is left unsolved. It is up to the audience to individually find an answer with which to alleviate the human condition. But some of the problems can be traced to the solutions; for example, religion with its unyielding book of rules and Shen Te's socialism, which works neither better nor

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* **Applicable from June 1 through September 30, 1984. Trips may start or finish during this period. Other trips applicable during remainder of year until December 15, with the exception of the Thursday before Easter to Easter Monday.**

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Liberals meet at provincial conference

By ARNOLD HEDSTROM

The standing joke about western Liberals is the party's convention could be held in a telephone booth at the corner of Portage and Main in Winnipeg.

With no elected MPs west of that city and the party all but wiped out provincially in the region, the party's future looks bleak at best.

But in B.C., two leadership conventions have given the party a moral boost which many Liberals say will force the party to get larger venues for future meetings.

That was the case when B.C. Liberals met in Richmond on the weekend to choose a new provincial leader, hear speechs from six federal leadership rivals and soak up atmosphere in hospitality suites.

Mainly due to the June 16 federal leadership vote, the convention drew the largest attendance since the 60s — 727 delegates, a few hundred observers, and a huge press contingent. The feds almost overwhelmed the convention which was scheduled before Trudeau quit Feb. 29.

However, B.C. Liberals see a chance to pick up support provincially by providing an alternative for British Columbians beseiged by polarized politics.

To that end they elected Art Lee, a former city councilor and Vancouver East MP, as provincial leader.

And federally, all candidates promised to elect Liberals from B.C. to end Western alienation within the party although few solutions were put forth except to increase contact between the federal and provincial parties.

Federal party president Iona Campagnola told delegates at a Saturday banquet the party had to forge a working relationship between the two wings.

"The Liberal party really is one family and it is no longer heretical, as it once seemed to be. To say that 'a Liberal is a Liberal is a Liberal in this country,' " she said.

But in B.C. the slogan has been a 'Liberal is a Socred' since current politicians like universities minister Pat McGeer, intergovernmental affairs minister Gardy Gardom and others abandoned the party to keep the NDP out of power before the 1975 election.

Now the party's main goal is to put the Socreds and the turncoat Liberals on the opposition benches along side the New Democrats.

"The election of Art Lee will bring the beginning of the end of 30 years of conflicting extremes in this province.

"I take great joy in knowing that today probably marks the end of that Reagonesque parody that's going on in Victoria," Campagnola said.

Party officials say since Bennett's June 1983 budget the party has gained 2,000 new members. There could be another 1,000 join before the federal ridings elect delegates to choose a replacement for Trudeau.

For the candidates, the early leadership strategy isn't too complex — create an impression on showing concern and knowledge of B.C.'s problems, praise Trudeau but show distance from his policies, and entertain people while appearing frugal.

". . .a Liberal is a Liberal is a Liberal,"

All candidates did this.

With B.C. commanding about 10 per cent of all delegates, the province should see the serious candidates before the vote often.

"To get support in B.C. they're going to have to come to B.C. We didn't see the prime minister for five years in one stretch," said Steve Mullan, a UBC political science student and Liberal party member.

"There's a lot of support for Trudeau. Now that he's going."

At this point delegates and members aren't looking contenders said Mullan. Disclosing policy too early leaves a candidate open to criticism from solid policies. "We assume they're all good men. It's the one who can motivate."

Other characteristics which will give a candidate an edge are image, organization at the convention, and support from within the party, Mullan said.

And with a similar delegate structure to the Tories another factor which will be important is getting support from women and youth.

"The youth will be a major consideration in developing their policies," said B.C. Young Liberal president James Hatton.

Of seven delegates elected in each riding two will be under 25 years of age for a total of 56 from B.C.'s 28 ridings and another 20 will be chosen from university and other youth clubs. The 76 youth delegates represent about a quarter of those going to Ottawa from B.C.

Women also get two delegates per riding.

The two front runners, energy minister Jean Chretien and former finance minister John Turner are split, said Hatton. But Don Johnson, has support on the Island and John Monro Indian and northern affairs minister has a few supporters. Justice minister Mark MacGuigan has a presence while John Roberts employment minister is almost invisible at this point.

Chretien put on the best display of strategy. Although he arrived late on Saturday, his entrance to the banquet highlighted an otherwise drab day. Roberts and MacGuigan gave dull speeches that morning which got little response from the convention.

And on Sunday, Chretien stole the day with a speech which put the crowd on its feet. He held separate meetings with youth and women later.

Youth through their energy and enthusiasm gave former Conservative leader Joe Clark the leadership in 1976 and also contributed to Brian Mulroney's victory in 1983.

Both Mulroney and Clark had youth leaders placed high in their organizing committees.

Chretien appears to have the edge in attracting youth with Turner close behind. MacGuigan's campaign is devoid of young supporters.

While Turner didn't have a separate function at the convention for youth delegates, he did give a noon hour speech at UBC, his Alma Mater.

Other candidates have marginal support among the youth and while they mentioned unemployment in their speeches, they didn't create much appeal.

Starting April 6 and continuing until May 9 the ridings will choose the seven delegates to go to Ottawa. The regulations are tighter than the Tories. Last minute sign up drives are not expected.

Turner returns to Alma Mater but fails to offer new ideas

By GORDON CLARK

A dashing John Turner returned to his old student haunt Thursday when he strode into The Ubyssey office.

As he flipped through old editions of The Ubyssey, Turner reminisced about the time he was sports editor in 1949. He chuckled and said the sports page had always been the most interesting section to read.

Although the man who would be prime minister only stayed on campus for less than two hours, his presence caused quite a stir, especially among members of the Young Liberals club who support his bid for the leadership. The club organized a meeting in SUB 207 to allow Turner to impress them with his skills at oration.

The eager young Liberals presented Turner with a sweater at the meeting's start. And in true Liberal fashion, he donned it ceremoniously before making a short plea for support at the June 16 Liberal leadership convention.

Turner said the Liberal party would be re-elected if he became leader, urging the young people gathered around him to participate in politics especially in the West where the Liberals need support.

"If we are going to make the Liberal party a truly national party, I am going to need your support."

The former minister of finance stressed a vigorous new party would have significant impact on provincial politics in B.C., adding the province needs a strong middle party.

"A broad consensus of the people is not really represented where they should get representation."

Turner also stressed his party's dedication to education. In a country where more than 1.5 million people are unemployed, he said education will give people necessary training for future jobs.

"Education is so critical to our health and prosperity. Any failure to provide quality education on the part of government is counter to the interests of this party."

During the question period, Turner was less able to come up with platitudes. A number of times he shamelessly avoided difficult political questions.

One student urged Turner to reveal his plan to re-establish a Liberal presence in the West. But his only reply was a promise to visit more frequently and he urged Western Canadians to run as convention delegates.

Turner was also asked to explain his plan to reduce the federal government's deficit, an issue he has addressed repeatedly since announcing his candidacy.

Turner said the deficit represented more than $500 million in American terms. However, he failed to propose a solution.

The media, political analysts and even Liberal party members have criticized Turner for not revealing his views. Although he recognizes his failure as a weakness, he said he did not see his evasiveness as a serious problem, attributing his omissions to his short campaign.

"My campaign is only two weeks old. The other candidates have been planning theirs for years," he said. "As long as the delegates know my position on issues by June 16, I will have fulfilled my obligation to them."

At the meeting's end, Turner removed his new sweater and thanked the students who listened to him.

"I remember what life was like during exams, and I appreciate you making the sacrifice to hear me."

Beyond Survival coming to grips with problem

By PETER PRONGOS

In the last few years, the market has been flooded with books dealing with the problems of nuclear war, peace, and disarmament. Some, like Jonathan Schell's The Fate of the Earth, have been successful in alerting people to the dangers which now confront everybody on earth. But many of these works fail to give any concrete information either about the causes of our atomic peril, or about ways to defuse the situation.

Beyond Survival:
New Directions for the Disarmament Movement
Edited by Michael Albert and Dave Dellinger
South End Press

A recent book which comes to grips with such issues is Beyond Survival: New Directions for the Disarmament Movement. The 11 essays that make up the book are, for the most part, well-written, informative, useful, and even inspiring. The articles probe the nature of the threat of nuclear death, and they also offer reasonable and well-argued proposals for stopping the war-machines on both sides.

One of the most important essays by Noam Chomsky is on the links between interventionism and the threat of a nuclear holocaust. Chomsky argues that "a central concern of the disarmament movement should be to lessen tensions and conflicts at the points where (superpower) war is likely to erupt . . . There is often a great deal that we can do, since not infrequently U.S. policy has been instrumental in maintaining and enflaming such tensions and conflict."

The writings are oriented towards the U.S., but Canada, as an American ally and a NATO partner is involved with Washington's policies. Chomsky urges the peace movement to try to prevent the superpowers from intervening in "hot spots" such as Central America and the Middle East — the type of behavior that is most likely to escalate into a nuclear war.

The editors say one of the critical problems confronting disarmament groups is that "it must broaden its constituency . . . but it must also deepen its critique of a society that is . . . capable of threatening to use weapons which can destroy the human race."

In other words, the peace movement must address such "radical" issues as racism, feminism, the authority of the state, and even the way individuals relate to one another. At the same time it must attract more people.

Actress excells

From Page 16

worse than the prior capitalism of Shen Te's prostitute world.

Claire Brown is as much an actor's director as Brecht's play is an actor's show.

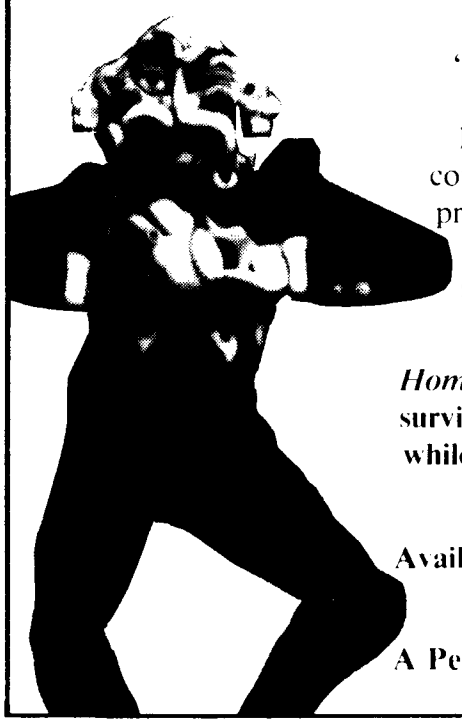
Playing both the uncle and the ex-prostitute, Pauline Landberg spends almost the entire two and a half hours of the play on stage.

With the exception of fumbling some lines, she played both parts well. It wasn't the change of costumes that allowed us to accept her as Shui Ta, the uncle, but rather Landberg's assumption of male attributes — square shoulders, direct gaze, elevated head, very little movement of the hands and head during speech.

The Good Woman of Setzuan was recently staged at UBC's Freddy Wood Theatre.

HOME GAME

Paul Quarrington



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— *Toronto Star*

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APPLICATIONS ARE AVAILABLE in the Lounge Area of the AMS business office (2nd Floor SUB).

Services we will be offering:

- Window Washing ($$$)
- Garden Work
- Household Services (Cleaning)
- We may be able to refer you to full time summer jobs
- If you have any innovative suggstions we'll put you on the top of our list for that service.

We will be concentrating on those services students are the most interested in, so fill out your application accordingly. If you feel you need training, let us know and we may be able to help you.

Direct questions to
COORDINATOR OF EXTERNAL AFFAIRS,
SUB 250

Roosen enters AMS office illegally

By CHRIS WONG
and IAN WENIGER

Peter Roosen, student council science representative, gained illegal access to the Alma Mater Society vice-president's office and the AMS business office late Monday night, The Ubyssey learned.

Roosen was in the business office searching through a binder listing all authorized users of SUB keys at 2:15 a.m.

Upon being discovered, the visibly shaken Roosen said he is allowed access to the office at all times because he is a council member. "I work here. I'm on council, and that's management. I've been (involved) in the AMS a long time, so I deserve some privileges in the office," he said.

Roosen opened the AMS bookings clerk's desk drawer and produced several keys to demonstrate his right to use the office at his discretion.

"It's perfectly all right for me to go through the place any time I want. Big fucking hairy deal."

Roosen, who lost the January election for vice-president to Doug Low, said he was using Low's office for study purposes.

But Low said Roosen had no reason to be in his office. "I find it difficult to see what the reasons are for using my office at two in the morning. If you want to study, there's all sorts of other places available," he said.

He added Roosen had no permission to use either his office of the AMS office, saying he changed his office lock last week after two break-ins.

AMS general manager Charles Redden and projects co-ordinator Linda Singer agreed with Low that Roosen has no authority through council to use the AMS offices outside office hours.

Singer said a substantial number of individual office and master keys ar unaccounted for. "There are a lot of people who seem to obtain keys. It's very concerning."

Low said there have been other incidents of misuse in the AMS offices. "There was a staff complaint of unauthorized use of the AMS computer on the weekend of March 31," he said.

Items including an electric pencil sharpener, typerwriter balls, packages of paper and coffee have been stolen from the office, he added.

He said the AMS should control and develop guidelines for the use of the AMS office area. Some procedures are already in place to deal with unauthorized office use, he said.

Low said the SUB proctor has instructions to investigate any unusual activity in the building. "As far as I was informed, anyone using my office late at night should be questioned."

A building supervisor summoned to the business office neither questioned nor ejected Roosen from the office. Redden said he will investigate the incident, adding he is especially concerned by the supervisor's failure to take action.

— arnold hedstrom photo

CHICK TURNER RETURNS to his former haunt, the Ubyssey newspaper, to reminisce of days gone by. Former Ubyssey sports editor and squishy liberal leadership loon came to pick up major endorsement from sardonic Ubyssey editors and promises of good coverage during the campaign.

Feds' grant may not reach UBC

By DEBBIE LO

The federal government's recent transfer of $174 million to the B.C. government does not necessarily mean the funds will be used for post-secondary education and health — areas in which the provincial government has made severe cutbacks.

"The B.C. government will probably take the typical position and not transfer the money to education because it is a block-grant which is non-categorical," said UBC administration president George Pedersen.

UBC is not counting on the funds to help off-set cutbacks, he said.

Pedersen's fear is shared by other education spokespeople who want the provincial government to increase its funding to post-secondary institutions.

"It is not under a legal obligation to use this money for higher education, but it has a moral obligation," said faculty association president Dennis Pavelich.

"The universities and colleges ought to put as much pressure as they can on the provincial government to use this money for higher education," added Donald Fisher, a committee of concerned academics member.

NDP finances and university education critic Lorne Nicholson said he thinks the Social Credit government will likely pass over education and use the money to alleviate the provincial deficit.

"The Socred government has to make up for the financial bungling it did the previous year," Nicholson said. "This is not extra money. It has to be used to make up for the financial shortfall in the budget."

Although federal finance minister Marc Lalonde admonished the B.C. government for cutbacks in post-secondary education and health when he announced the transfer earlier this week, he did not stipulate how the province should use the $174 million.

That's because the provincial government has autonomy in dividing up the transfer, Doug Clarke, director of federal and provincial relations said from Ottawa.

The federal government agreed to the transfer in light of declining provincial revenues in 1982-83.

'Birds may leave WIFL,CIAU

By MONTE STEWART

The Thunderbird football team's proposal to abandon the Western Intercollegiate Football League could seriously jeopardize the eligibility of other UBC athletes.

The athletic department is negotiating with the men's athletic committee to transfer the UBC football team to the Evergreen Conference. But the transfer could result in the temporary or permanent suspension of other UBC teams from the Canadian Interuniversity Athletic Union.

The football team is currently a member of the Western Intercollegiate Football League, which is part of the CIAU, the governing body for university athletes in Canada.

UBC athletic services director, Bob Hindmarch, denied that money is a motive for the move to the Evergreen Conference, of which Simon Fraser University and several west coast U.S. universities are members. "Scholarships are not the issue," he said.

Under current CIAU rules, teams can only offer financial aid through provincial government bursaries. Hindmarch said he had no idea if the split would result in more scholarships, even though the Evergreen Conference does not limit scholarships. And SFU, the only Canadian university not a member of CIAU, is reknowned for offering much larger scholarships, especially to football players.

But a break from the CIAU could have serious ramifications for other UBC varsity athletes. The CIAU could ban all UBC teams from competition temporarily or permanently.

Doug Low, men's athletic department president, said the union is proposing mid-week games which could cut down on player's study time. The CIAU also plans to start the season one week earlier, meaning the national championship would occur during Grey Cup week.

"It would deny the player an opportunity for longer employment because he would have to start working out sooner," Low said. Varsity athletes are not permitted to hold a job during their respective seasons. Low added fewer people would attend the two games because the season starts in August.

By joining the Evergreen Conference, the football team could lose their travel subsidy. Hindmarch said the travel money was insignificant and would not be a factor in the transfer decision.

He said the UBC—SFU Shrum Bowl could resume if football shifted to the Evergreen Conference.

UVic locked out of prison education

VICTORIA (CUP) — The University of Victoria has been locked out of the prison education program.

University administrators charged that Corrections Service Canada failed to provide UVic with the same information it gave other universities interested in administering the program.

Although UVic initiated and operated the program for 12 years, the university lost the contract to administer post secondary education in B.C.'s penitentiaries because it refused to charge user fees according to the terms specified by the federal government.

Administrators said they are not only angry at losing the contract to Simon Fraser University, but at the government's failure to indicate how the new fee policy was to be administered.

"Our understanding was fees would come out of money (only a few dollars a day) prisoners receive. They would have to make decisions like going without cigarettes to take a course," said Glen Farrell, UVic director of university extensions.

Farrell said he heard the government told SFU that fees could be deducted from prisoners' compulsory savings, which the inmates receive upon release. As a result, prisoners will not have to forgo any "luxuries" if they want to enrol in a course, he added.

"Had we known this, we (UVic) would have accepted the CSC criteria that fees be charged," he said.

Tom D'Aquino, CSC regional manager of communication, denied the government presented different information to the universities vying for the program.

"No government department, unless they're crazy, would give out different information. I'm surprised someone at UVic would come up with that."

He added he had no idea how much fees would be, saying responsibility for payment would rest on the individual. "They could write to their father and get him to send the money."

Solicitor General Robert Kaplan reversed December 1983 his earlier decision to close the post secondary program in Canadian penitentiaries, on the condition all prisoners would be charged $20 for 1.5 units. The government invited all universities to submit proposals, Farrell said.

UVic administrators were concerned about the new criteria because they felt charging less for post secondary education in prisons is discriminatory when other prison education courses are free, he added.

APRIL FOOLS.

The Provincial Government began its planned **reduction** of post-secondary educational funding last Sunday, April the 1st, 1984. These reductions in funding for the next school year (84-85) will exceed **50 million dollars.**

The Federal Government has expressed a concern over this . . .

. . . WHY? There are three main points:

FEDERAL FUNDING —

An increase of $27 million in Federal funding for post-secondary education in B.C., for the year (84-85), was **not** passed along to the institutions. Instead this money has been allocated to finance large-scale capital expenditures, such as North-East coal, whose economic justifications are questionable. There is a constitutional principle at issue here. The Fed's pay over 80% of post-secondary costs in B.C. Do they, therefore, have a right to exert a degree of control over post-secondary education?

PRACTICAL CONSIDERATIONS —

Funding cut-backs will adversely affect B.C.'s ability to function successfully in the increasingly important **and** complex "global" and national economies.

SOCIAL DEVELOPMENT —

The right of everyone who is qualified to attend a post-secondary institute **regardless of their financial situation.** It's called **accessibility.** The Federal Government **is** committed to it, the Provincial government is **not.**

WHY SHOULD THIS CONCERN YOU?

Consider this:

Engineers: Under these new funding reductions, a "geer" in the first year of a four year program will pay an additional $1,600 in tuition before they graduate.

ENGINEERING:

YEAR	ASSESSMENT	COMPOUNDED $ INCREASE	% INCREASE
1983-84	$1250.00		
1984-85	$1662.00	$410.00	33%
1985-86	$2211.00	$550.00	33%
1986-87	$2875.00	$660.00	30%
		Total: $1620.00	

Arts: A first year Arts Student, in a 4-year program, will pay an additional $1,400 in tuition before they graduate.

ARTS:

YEAR	ASSESSMENT	COMPOUNDED $ INCREASE	% INCREASE
1983-84	$1100.00		
1984-85	$1463.00	$363.00	33%
1985-86	$1945.00	$480.00	33%
1986-87	$2500.00	$585.00	30%
		Total: $1430.00	

No one would argue with tuition increases if they reflected a corresponding increase in educational "quality" or at least maintenance of present levels. This, however, is the situation we are being "sold":

Increased Federal Contributions + increased tuition revenues = decreased funding to schools?

BUT THERE'S MORE TO IT THAN THAT

This situation must be looked at from an historical perspective. John Macdonald, a past president of this University, resigned his post in the late 1960's to protest Lester Pearson's cession of control of post-secondary funding from the Federal to the Provincial Government. It was the possibility of situations such as ***the one we are now in*** that led Mr. Macdonald to oppose that "cession" of control.

Federal officials have promised action: On Thursday, March 29th, Secretary of State, Serge Joyal, gave an address at UBC. Afterwards, he called for "allies" to step forward. Copies of his speech are available today in SUB Concourse.

SO, WHAT CAN I DO?

A — show this ad to a friend — or tell someone about this. When enough people know about this issue you can be sure that federal politicians will act.

B — come to SUB concourse and sign our letter to the Federal Cabinet. Be an "ally" of the Federal Government. Also, petition them for "**urgent** intervention".

C — Join our association and receive **free** some excellent reading on this issue. Come to SUB concourse or phone 224-1937 evegs. Then, **contact Hugh Curtis or Pat McGeer, yourself.**

D — All three of the above.

The Informed Students Association
224-1937

Copies of Joyal's speech avail. SUB concourse today.

Trying, hooping, vaulting excel

From page 8

playoffs, lost their final game of the season, 1-0 to UVic.

The Thunderbirds scored 31 goals in 10 games while giving up only nine. The solid goalkeeping of Bun Pavan was the 'Birds' ace. El Ladha, Frank Iuele and Louis Miljanovic were named to the Canada West all-star squad while Mijanovic was also an All-Canadian.

RUGBY

The rugby club enjoyed a successful series against Californian competition, winning five exhibition games in all. Other highlights have included capturing the Moore Mug with a 12-6 decision over the UBC Old Boys. UBC also prevailed 24-16 in the annual Boot game against the UVic.

BASKETBALL

Coached by Bill Edwards, the hoop squad was dismal in league play, compiling a couple of wins against four times as many losses.

The 2-8 mark gave the 'Birds fifth place in the Canada West league. Overall, UBC was 9-17. Ken Klassen was a one person scoring machine as he finished fifth in league scoring and earned a name on the second all-star team.

GYMNASTICS

Mark Byrne led the gymnasts by winning four competitions and placing third in the Canada West finals and ninth at the nationals. The team was second at the Canada West finals and fifth at the nationals. For the first time ever, all seven team members qualified for the national finals.

SWIMMING

This zany group came in second behind the three time defending champion Calgary Dinosaurs at the Canadian championships. But more spectacular, this team, which won the Arthur Delamont Award for displaying and unprecedented amount of team spirit managed to draw a large crowd to the aquatic centre during competitions.

Another season has come and gone. What conclusion can one offer to get more students and faculty to throw their support behind the 'Birds in 1984-85?

The answer is an injection of hype similar to the dosage which lures 90,000 to a college football game and 20,000 to a college basketball contest in the U.S.

Front cover design: constructed and painted by YAKU.

This is the final Ubyssey of the year (if you haven't noticed already). No more. The end. The Ubyssey staff wishes to thank the staff of College Printers for the effort they made to put out this 36 page masterpiece, under often trying circumstances.

Women easily match men

By PETER BERLIN

This year the women's teams again outstripped their male counterparts in almost every sport.

The perennial champion, the field hockey team, pretended they were mere mortals in September, but came back to defeat their arch rivals the University of Toronto in the Canadian Inter-university Athletic Union Finals at Fredericton in November.

One week later, the women's soccer team won their first Canada West tournament. The women's gynastics team, deprived of five time national champion Patti Sakaki who retired at the start of the season, still won with Anne Muscat who kept the national individual overall championship at UBC.

UBC women also won national titles at the track and field championships last month when Tammi Luntz, Tracey Smith and Jeanne Cockscroft swept the various jumping events. Another outstanding performance in March came from the women's swimming team who had excellent performances from several competitors as they finished a close second in the national championships.

The women's volley ball team finished runners up in the West and Jack Pomfret's young basketball team climed ou of last place and barely missed a play-off berth.

Two teams who don't get CIAU competition but won their leagues. The women's ice hockey team finished top of their lower mainland division for the second consecutive year and the women's water polo team won the B.C. championships at Victoria in March.

Ooops

The Ubyssey erred in its Feb. 14 edition by printing in its entirety a poem by Audrey Thomas read at a benefit for the David Thompson University Centre, entitled Bill Bennett Stops by Woods on A Snowy Evening.

Under Canadian copyright law minor excerpts of a work can be quoted for newspaper summary, but an entire work cannot be used.

The newspaper did not intend to infringe on the copyright by printing Ms. Thomas' parody of Robert Frost's poem and apologizes for any embarassment it may have caused.

Copyright infringement is a serious crime.

The reporter responsible has been shot. All other staff have been told to leave at least one line out next time since the difference between fair dealing and infringement can only be determined by the courts with respect to the number of lines which can be used.

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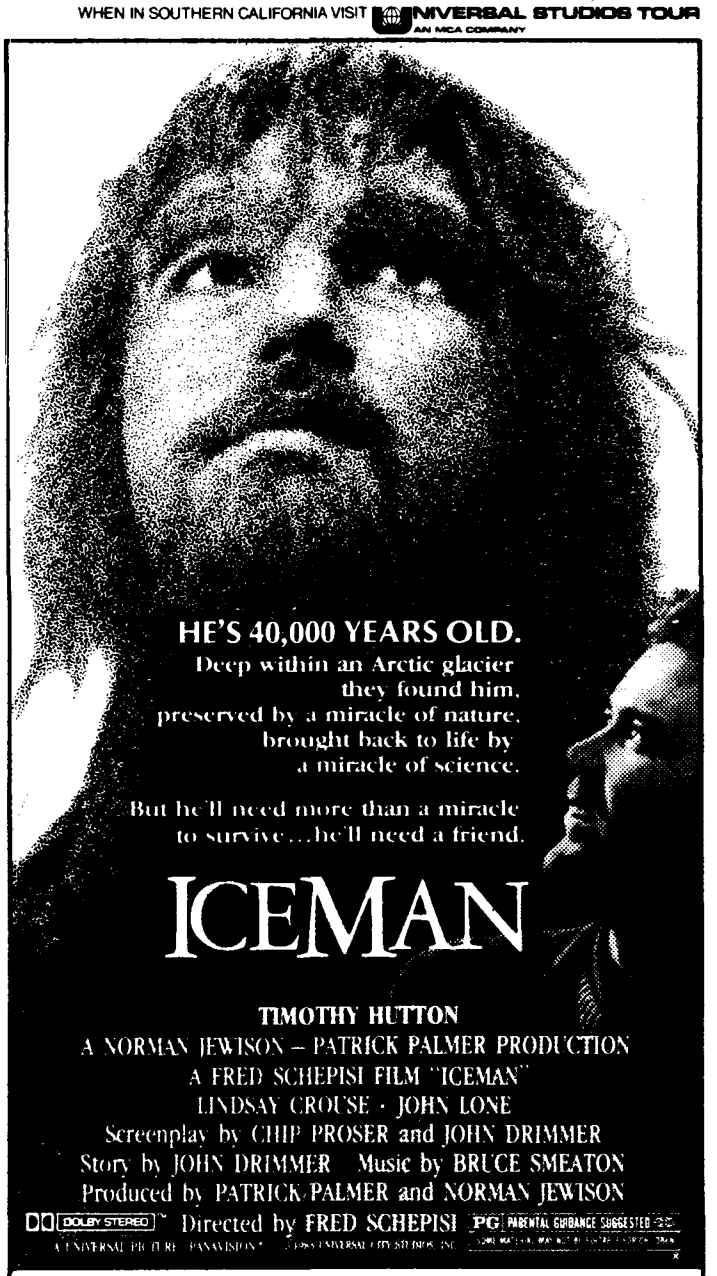

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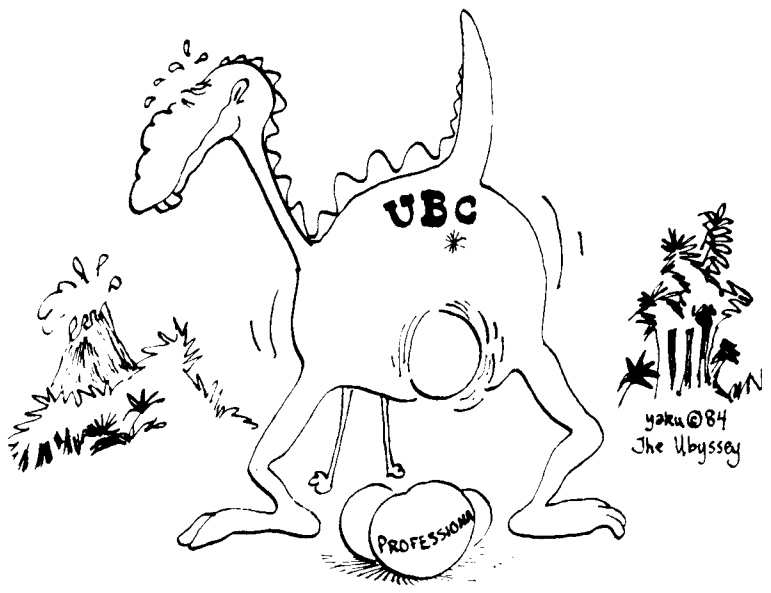

CONTINUING THE SPECIES

AMS Incorporated

The decision to keep Alma Mater Society general manager Charles Redden on at an annual cost of $73,000 in student fees represents more than a mere salary increase for the AMS. It is symptomatic of radically different philosophical priorities. The AMS is becoming a politically directionless business, and nothing else.

While undoubtably, education is facing the most serious crisis in our living memory, the student "leaders" make only periodic gestures of concern. Council is theoretically the power base for our society, but very little authority eminates from those council chambers. Most council members are recently elected, and know very little about how to lobby and gather support for a motion in the forum, let alone bring about any real change. Only a handful of students really know how the place works, and hierarchy of management runs it in an undemocratic fashion.

The problem is the financial structure of AMS management. Most of the revenue sources of the society are locked in to self-perpetuating business operations. To illustrate, this corporation amasses over $6 million annually, while council had merely $10,000 in contingency to allocate as it wished this year.

Liquid revenue has been a favorite these past few years. Pit prices have risen from 85 cents for a bottle of beer in 1979 to $1.75 today. You may have noticed there are several different types of beer on tap now. Last year's president certainly enjoyed courting new beer companies, especially the free keg samples.

The Gallery Lounge is part of the decor now. Did you know that there used to be an art gallery there? AMS management originally thought that there was no need for an art gallery because it wasn't revenue-generating. There was a fight to even keep a gallery in SUB.

The Games room downstairs is also a relatively new addition, becoming literally liquid gold for the society. It has pulled in net profits that reach into six figures.

Booking policy now emphasizes commercial clients for SUB space, and Whistler cabin got a new sauna to make it marketable to "businessmen" in the summer months.

With naivite, young student hacks say, "But we need money if we are going to help students." The truth is all of the profit-generating areas have been fed the profits for "improvements" recently. The Pit and Lounge are redecorated, and the Games Room was rebuilt. The result is not a service, but indirect taxes on students.

AMS professional management isn't at fault. They are running a competitive business. But we aren't talking about a profit-oriented corporation — this is supposed to be a non-profit student society. We don't need a business to tax students in the name of services, we need some political leadership.

Letters

History of UBC daycare according to Oloman

The first UBC daycare centres were established in the late '60s. The initiative came from parents who needed good and consistent care for their children. These parents formed non-profit societies chartered under the provincial child care act and licensed by the department of health. Each centre was and still is self-governing and autonomous. Admission of a child to a centre automatically makes the parents members of the operating society, and withdrawal of the child terminates that membership. As members, the parents are responsible through an elected executive, for the hiring and supervision of the staff, for the negotiation of the union contract, for managing finances, maintenance and repair and in most cases, supplementing the staff in the care of the children for two to four hours weekly.

The following is a list of the child care societies currently operating at UBC, their founding dates, and the number and ages of the children they are licensed to serve.

U.B.C. Kindercare Society, founded 1967, 22 children from three to five.

Acadia Day Care Society, founded 1969, 25 children from three to five.

Campus Nursery Unit One, founded 1970, 12 children from eighteen months to three.

Campus Nursery Unit Two, founded 1971, 12 children eighteen months to three.

Canada Goose Daycare Society, founded 1972, 12 children eighteen months to three.

Tillicum Daycare Society, founded 1972, 22 children from three to five.

Summer of '73 Day Care Society, founded 1973, 24 children from three to five in over three unit. Under Three Unit (later called Lilliput) has 12 children eighteen months to three.

Pentacare Day Care Society, founded 1975, 32 children three to five.

University Hill After School Care Society, founded 1976, 60 children from six to 12.

Each of the centres caring for children under three must be staffed by three professional child care workers at a ratio of one to four. The three to five year old centres must have a one to eight staff/child ratio. Because of these staffing requirements, under three daycare is considerably more expensive that over-three day care. If a family has a two year old at Unit 2 (445/month) and a four year old at Acadia ($260/month), the total monthly child care cost is $705.

Some off-campus child care centres increase the over three fees to supplement the under three costs. For example at Shannon daycare, 1200 W. 73rd, which is licensed for 10 under threes and 15 over threes, the under three fee is $395/month and the over three fee is $310/month. The cost for the family above is the same at $705 per month.

The added expense to users of the UBC centres is the participation time. Many parents value the two to four hours a week they spend at their child's centre. For those parents with inflexible schedules, two of the five over three centres do not require duty time.

Who are the parents who uses the centres? More than 70 per cent are students. The remainder are faculty and staff and about 1 per cent unaffiliated. How can students afford these costs? Many are subsidized. The ministry of Human Resources subsidizes the child care costs of low income families. They will pay

$303/month for a child under three and $220/month for a child over three. The real total monthly cost to the parents of that two year old and four year old could be $182 not $705, still a significant expense for the family with little or no income. Because of its cost, group child care is not attractive to many middle and upper income parents. For less than $705/month it is possible to have a nanny who will care for the children in your home and perhaps have supper ready.

The university daycare centres are usually full and have waiting lists. Although they are the largest group of daycare centres serving a Canadian university or college, they do not answer all the needs of the community. There is no care for infants available, limited care for kindergarten children and group care just does not suit all children or families. There are a number of authorized family care homes in the family housing area (Acadia Camp and Acadia Park). Students' wives are the caregivers. Until August 1983, foreign student wives were also able to provide this service. The demand for child care is greater than the available Canadian Manpower in the area and on this basis human resources argued with immigration in 1981 that foreign student wives be allowed to do child care.

With no prior notice in August 1983, immigration authorities "raided" the homes of the foreign students and threatened removal of student visas if child care for payment continued. The ministry of human resources and Rori McBlane of International House are working on this problem, but there has been no satisfactory solution as yet. There are not enough family care homes on or near the campus at this time to answer the demand.

The university administration's contribution to child care includes rent free quonset huts and two-thirds of the operating budget of the daycare coordinator's office. The ministry of human resources supplies the remaining third. The annual budget for the office is $33,000 and supplies the coordinator, and a secretary, who are responsible to the vice provost, student affairs and to the university daycare council, a society made up of members from each of the group centres.

In general, the office acts as a central information bureau for prospective parents and the child care givers, and as a liaison between the centres and the various ministries governing child care, between the centres and the university and between the centres and their many academic users. A bulk buying service provides food, cleaning supplies and art supplies to the centres at cost.

There are many concerns about the future of B.C. child care care. Our provincial child care regulations provide the possibility of high quality group care by virtue of the stringent staffing requirements, but there are no direct centre grants which would offset the costs of these requirements to parents.

Day care in B.C., whether group care or family care, costs the user more than in any other province in Canada. For those of us who care about the availability of quality care for our children this question must be addressed. Those of us at UBC are constantly discussing the problem. The vehicle for discussion is the university day care council. Any complaints, concerns or creative ideas should be addressed to them at Hut 88, 2727 Acadia Road.

Eve Brown
chairperson
university day care council
Mab Oloman
child care coordinator

THE UBYSSEY

March 30, 1984

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It was a bright cold day in April, and the clocks were striking thirteen. Robert Beynon Smith, his chin muzzled into his breast in an effort to escape the vile wind, slipped quickly on a banana peel outside the door of the Student Union Mansion, then pushed inside to the stairs he knew would not work.

The hallway smelt of cateteria gravy and old handbills. At one end of it a colored poster, too large for no good reason, had been tacked to the wall. It depicted simply an enormous face, more than a metre narrow: the face of a man about forty-five with wispy light hair and ruggedly handsome features like ARnold Hedstrom. It was one of those pictures which are so contrived that the eyes follow you about when you skulk in corners. BIG BUREAU IS WATCHING YOU, the caption beneath it ran.

Peter Berlin's fruity voice was reading out a laundry list, and something to do with the production of pigskins, from the Telidon terminal. Beynon turned a switch and the voice sank somewhat, though the words were still hurried and indistinguishable.

See page 23

Congrats all around

Last issue, eh! Well here's a few messages just for the road. Congratulations Ubyssey, on another year in print (at least you weren't restrained by restraint). I and other have noticed some blossoms of journalistic talent amongst your pages.

Congratulations Geers, you have a wonderful cairn to paint and faithfully you have kept the big E in place. Congratulations UBC Greeks, your vitality adds some new life to UBC. Semi-congrats to UBC. Well you moan and groan, grow and get stricter, raise your tuition fees and limit numbers . . . but you're still worth it.

Gerry Davidson
agricultural sciences

From page 22

Outside, even through the sealed window panes, the world looked cold. There seemed to be no color in anything except the watching posters that were plastered everywhere. Down at mall level another poster, torn at one corner, flapped fittingly in the wind, alternately covering and uncovering the single word CUPSOC. In the far distance a helicopter carrying Holly Nathan and Charles Campbell hovered for a minute like Deb Wilson around a conspiracy trial, and darted away again to the left. It was only the Thought Patrol, snooping into people's lives. The patrols did not matter, however. Only the Correctness Police mattered.

The voice from the terminal was still babbling away about pigskin and the overfulfilment of the Third Collective Year. Beynon kept his back up to the terminal; it was safer. He looked out over the campus and tried to squeeze out some childhood memory that should tell him whether it had always been like this. Were those always these vistas of rotting nineteen-year-olds like Elaine, Rhonda, Diane and Carol Lane, their sides shored up with stiffs Tim Langmead, Kurt Preinsperger and Ian Weniger? And the bombed sights of Noss Trebor, Rory Allen and Marcia Kredentser swirling in the air, and Barbara Walden, Ron Hawker and Elene Miller straggling over the heaps of rubble; and the places where even Debbie had been laid lo and there had sprung up sordid colonies of Peter Prongos and Gillian Bronnigs in wooden dwellings like chicken houses? But it was no use, he could not remember: all that remained was unintelligible.

Beynon worked for the Useless Bureau of Youth Serving Sibling Youth, or ministry of goodness — Ubyssey in news-speak. Scattered around Student Union One there were just three other locations of similar importance. There was the ministry of cheap cheer, which concerned itself with dispensing expensive booze in ugly, gloomy surroundings; the ministry of love, which maintained political correctness; and the ministry of decent food, which served swill that neither Kelley Lee, Stuart Dee nor Raymond Lee would eat. Their names, in news-speak: Pit, Cupbureau and Subway.

For some reason there was an alcove in The Ubyssey office where no terminal had been placed after a telex had been removed. Beynon took advantage of the rare privacy to begin a journal, should journalism ever come back in fashion. Journalism was not illegal (nothing was illegal, since there were no longer any editors), but if detected it was reasonably certain that it would be punished by death, or at least by having to do the 'Tweens. To sit and mark the paper was a decisive act, since a tremor had gone through his bowels without stopping. In small clumsy letters he wrote: April 4th, 1984.

He sat back. A sense of complete helplessness had descended upon him, showing just how depressing the state of the ceiling was. To begin with, he did not know with any certainty that this was 1984, no more than he could be sure Neil Dowie could tell Brent Edger from Brian Fader. He believed that he had been born between the Beatles; gig in Hamburg and their first U.S. tour; but it was hever possible nowadays to pin down any concert date within a year or two.

Suddenly he was writing in sheer panic, only imperfectly aware of what he was setting down, let alone what day it was. His small but childish thoughts straggled back and forth across the political spectrum, shedding first their capitalism and finally even their constitutional checks and balances:

"April 4th, 1984. Last night to the flicks. All political consciousness-raising films. One very good one of a ship full of uncorrect reporters being edited near Latin America. Staff much amused by shots of Stephen Wisenthal trying to get away with a copy editor after him. First you saw bashing at the typewriter like he had purpose, then you saw him through the copy editor's gunsights, then his story was full of holes and it sank into overset, the staff laughing as it was scratched. Then you was a lifeboat with Bill Seymour, Joel Pecchioli and Rob Parmar with a copy editor hanging over it. There was Julie Stanton trying to hold Andrea Bakke as if she thought she could prevent bullets from appearing in her copy. Then the copy editor Steamer Planted a 20 kilo re-write in among them terific hot flash and the copy went all to vista. Then there was a wonderful shot of a Virginia von Hahn going up up up right up into the air a copy editor with a photog up its nose must have followed and there was a lot of applause but Donna Sanford down in the pol part of the house suddenly started kicking up a fuss and shouting they didn't outer of showed it not in front of Dianne Schoenberg and Erik Smith they didn't outer it aint right until Dale Jack turned her turned her out i don't suppose anything happened to her nobody cares what the pols say typical pol reaction they never—"

Beynon stopped writing, partly because he was suffering from cramps again, but the curious thing was that a totally different idea had caused him to begin his journal. It had happened that morning at The Ubyssey, if anything so nebulous could be said to happen. They had been setting up for the Two Minutes Moral Contempt when two people he knew by sight, but had never understood, came unexpectedly into the room. One was a woman with long hair from the semi-fiction department, the g'Ross Pink sash of the Junior Pro-Sex League wound around her waist, who Beynon suspected was a member of the Correctness Police. The other person was a man O'Brian Jones, who wore the shorts and propellor beanie of the Inner Paper and had once held a post so important and obscure that Beynon had only a dim idea of its nature. He took a chair in the same row as Beynon, a couple of places away. Angie Gerst was between them and the woman with long hair was directly behind.

The next moment a hideous, grinding screech, as of some unoiled machine trying to say Wayne Nikituk or Richard Ozimek, burst from the big terminal at the end of the room. The Moral Contempt had started. As usual, the face of Glen Sanford had flashed onto the screen. Sanford was the renegade and backslider who once, long ago (how long ago, nobody quite remembered), had been one of the leading figures of the Paper, perhaps higher than Big Bureau himself, and then had engaged in venal careerist activities, had been condemned to city desk, and had mysteriously escaped and disappeared. He was repeating his usual vile message of sprouting love, advocating the immediate conclusion of peace with Eastcanada, abusing Big Bureau, denouncing the dictatorship of the Paper, advocating freedom of style, freedom of layout, freedom of deadlines.

Behind his head marched the endless columns of the Eastcanadian army, and around Beynon rose the frenzy of the Moral Contempt as Sanford spoke of the secret society called The Siblinghood and the compendium of heresies known only as the songbook. The long-haired woman shrieked her moral repugnance and flung a news-speak style guide at the screen. The Moral Contempt rose to its climax. The voice of Sanford had become a sheep's bleat and for an instant his face changed into that of Big Bureau, full of mysterious calm, before it faded away and instead the three slogans of the Paper stood out in futura extra bold:

FIGHT FOR PEACE
SLAVE FOR FREEDOM
STRENGTHEN THE IGNORANT

It was then that Beynon had looked into O'Brian's eyes and seen, though he could not be sure, a look that said: "I am with you. I too would sell myself for any John Price and secretly believe in Thor Anderson." And Beynon remembered a voice he had heard in a dream, or perhaps in delerium tremens, saying: "We will meet in the place where there is no parking." He roused himself and his eyes refocused on the page, where he had been printing in large messy upstyles DOWN WITH THE BIG BUREAU. He had committed the essential crime. Correctnesscrime, they called it in news-speak, and it was not a thing that could be concealed forever. You might dodge successfully for a while, even for years, but sooner or later they were bound to get to you. It was always at night — they always sent you to the printers at night. Seized by a kind of hysteria, Beynon began writing in a hurried untidy scrawl. "theyll edit me i dont care theyll cut my features i dont care down with big bureau they always cut your features i dont care down with big bureau —" There was a knocking at this door.

Only when his hand was on the doorknob did Beynon notice he had left his journal open, bad punctuation clearly legible, the most inconceivably stuped thing he had done for seven or eight minutes. Fortunately it was comrade Kelly Jo Burke, a crushing-looking woman. (Though titles were frowned on by the Paper, with Kelly one used the word comrade instinctively.) "I thought I heard you come in. Do you think you could look at the copy flow? It's got blocked up and —" Beynon followed her. "Of course, it's only because Craig Brookes isn't here. If he was he'd put it right in a moment. He loves anything like that. He's ever so good with his whip, Craig is," said Kelly. Craig was a fattish but active man of peralyzing stupidity, a mass of imbecile enthusiasms—one of those completely unquestioning, devoted drudges on whom, more even than on the Correctness Police, the stability of the Paper depended. He had only recently been forced off the staff a year late, and before graduating he had managed to stay on in the student executive for a year beyond his usefulness had ended. He would never be vaporised.

"Have you got a wheel?" said Beynon, fiddling with a layout on the angle-board. "I don't know, said Kelly. "Perhaps the children—" Chris Wong had popped up from behind the desk and was menacing him with a phlegm ruler. "Up with your style," he yelled savagely. "You're a traitor. You're a correctnesscriminal. You're a Eastcanadian spy. I'll edit you, I'll send you to do 'Tweens." Suddenly he was joined in his shouting Muriel Draaisma. Kelly sighed. "They're disappointed because they couldn't go see Cary Rodin's statue of Big Bureau unveiled by Sue McIlroy." They were both leaping around. "Why can't we get out of the printer?" roared Chris. "Want to get out of the printers! Want to get out of the printers!" chanted Muriel, still capering around.

Beynon returned to his work of falsifying mastheads to eliminate the names of staffers who had become uncorrect. The most difficult one he had to change that day involved praise, coming from Big Bureau himself, for an Allesandra Callegarini who had disappeared without leaving a Mike Tracey. Beynon thought of simply changing the reference to one praising Corinna Sunararajan, but at would entail constant re-checking of spelling so he decided on Alar Olijum, putting him down as having recently deceased in a staff orgy. At the age of three, comrade Olijum had refused all toys except a set of fatigues, a megaphone and a picket sign, and at eleven he had denounced Wayne Chong to the Correctness Police. It struck Beynon as curious that you could create heroic staffers, but not real ones. Comrade Olijum, who had never quite been all there, now existed as authentically, and on the same evidence, as N.J.D.

Beynon went off to Subway after finishing up, and as he was going down the hall the long-haired woman from the semi-fiction department made a pass at him, but slipped a piece of paper into his hand right in front of a terminal. In a moment of rare privacy he unfolded it, fearing it would be a denunciation from the Correctness Police. Instead there were the words: I'm mellow. Trembling at the sight of such uncorrect heresy, he quickly put the scrap on a desk, or memory hole, where it would quickly disappear as if it never existed. Still fearful, he wanted to eat alone, but could not refuse when Charlie Fidelman and Neil Lucente sat down with him.

Charlie, a mild, ineffectual, dreamy creture with very unusual hair and a surprising talent for juggling syntax and meaning, was engaged in producing garbled reviews — definitive statements, they were called — on cultural events which were ideologically offensive but nevertheless provided comps. Neil was one of the enormous team of experts working on destroying the umpteenth edition of the news-speak style guide. He was a tiny creature, smaller than Beynon, with dark hair and large, protuberant eyes, at once mournful and derisive, which seemed to search the area closely for stimulants while he was speaking to you. "We're getting the style guide into its final shape — the shape it's going to have when Socred cutbacks make sure no one can read," said Neil. "It's a beautiful thing, the destruction of words. What's the use of stories when a picture looks just as good? Why worry whether a layout is correct or uncorrect when you can just run a photo essay? It was Big Bureau's idea originally, of course." One of these days, thought Beynon with sudden deep conviction, Neil will be collectivized. He is too intelligent. He sees too clearly and speaks too plainly. The Paper does not like such people.

Beynon went home, the word 'mellow' still in his mind, and began writing in his diary. "It was a few pressdays ago. She had a young face and did not belong to the Paper, like a Sylvia Berryman or Betsy Goldberg. She said she was mellow and could talk about authors like Eric Blair and George Orwell. I—" For the moment it was too difficult to go on. He had an overwhelming temptation to shout a string of literary allusions at the top of his voice. Your worst enemy, he reflected, was you your own humanity. At any moment the intelligence inside you was liable to translate itself into some visible symptom.

It hurt him to be reminded of Sarah Millin, the bride he had not seen for it must be nine, ten — nearly eleven pressdays. Sarah had wholly swallowed the Paper's dogma of goodfuck and had shunned the feelings that accompany what was in news-speak called lovecrime. Beynon sighed inaudibly and picked up his pen to write hurriedly in scrabbled handwriting. He had to confess his humiliation in seeking out Lisa Hebert. "When I saw her in the light, she was an AMS hack.-But I went ahead and talked about 20th century British authors just the same." The urge to shout classical poetry at the top of his voice was a strong as ever. At last he was able to print, shakily: "If there is hope, it lies in the pols."

See page 24

Letters

Daycare defended, frankly

A couple of people I happen to know have recently come under question in the pages of The Ubyssey. The first of these is Charles Redden, the Alma Mater Society general manager, but he gets paid to put up with that sort of hassle. However, the second person is Mab Oloman, the university's child care coordinator, and she doesn't get paid to be personally attacked.

I'm not a UBC child care expert and never will be, but even I know that Mab is *not* an AMS employee, that over 70 per cent of the children's parents are UBC students, and that Mab is hardly a "tea party throwing ceremonial dignitary" as claimed in Patty O'Brien's letter last week.

On the contrary, I feel that she is a very caring and dedicated person in her extremely political and difficult job. You see, each of the ten UBC daycares is its own separate society with its own rules and regulations. She has no authority to direct the policies of these daycare societies, yet she has the unenviable job of trying to coordinate their activities. Not only that, because she is the "official university representative" she gets a lot of flak from approximately 400 parents who, as you can imagine, all know what is best for their children!

Mab is currently working towards ensuring that new child care facilties are constructed on this campus. This is the area in which I have dealt with Mab, since currently the AMS's only link with child care is a commitment to aid in the building of new facilities.

For what it's worth, I'd like to give Mab my vote of confidence, since from where I sit I see a job well done. Unfortunately, this view is not shared by some people who are not familiar with the facts, nor Mab.

Dave Frank
Board of governors

Faculty should reject agreement

It should be no surprise that the executive of the faculty association and UBC's administration have spent the last five months cooking up their so-called exigency plan for laying off faculty members. Agreements like this one take a lot of work before they can be made to appear with the proper veneer. But this one isn't even polished. We believe that faculty members should reject it.

The exigency plan operates so as to find second-class faculty members through highly questionable criteria and processes which are open to all kinds of abuses. It provides that tenured faculty can be required to re-evalute colleagues selected by the deans to determine whether they deserve to keep their tenure.

In other words, it tries to get faculty members to point their fingers at each other as inferior. The second-class ones (the untouchables) are barred from sitting on re-evaluation committees, and can't even vote for their memberships.

Even then, the president and deans are free to decide that any faculty member no longer merits tenure. All of this means that the exigency agreement realizes an original goal of the provincial government — the destruction of tenure. And you can bet that members of the faculty association's executive will not be among those to be laid off.
back against a government (and its various arms at UBC) whose goal it is to turn the clock back several decades in the education sector and in society in general. It does so by trying to tie the faculty's hands to a dirty agreement. We share the con-

In effect, the exigency agreement seeks to eliminate any chance of faculty members uniting to fight cerns of those faculty members who have already called for a "no" vote to this anti-democratic and weak-kneed "plan".

Bill Coller,
law 1
for students against the budget

Percentage means nothing

I applaude Alma Mater Society vice president Doug Low's frank disclosures concerning the salary increase of AMS general manager Charles Redden (AMS Manager to get $73,000, Mar. 27).

I fail to see why such an increase funded by students should "properly" be disclosed only in percentage terms. A percentage means nothing by itself. A $7,000 increase to an individual whose salary is already $66,000, does.

That Mr. Redden, being a highly qualified businessman, is entitled to a fair market value for his services, is not in dispute. One does wonder, however, how many equally qualified individuals there are out there in the big bad world who would love to do the same job for perhaps half of Mr. Redden's salary. A look at the salaries of those occupying similar positions at other Canadian universities seems to indicate that such people do exist.

As Doug Low suggested, there is a solution that is more consistent with the concerns of the students making up the bulk of the membership of the AMS. That is the establishment of a bursary fund for students whose attendance at UBC might otherwise be a financial impossibility (i.e. 14 bursaries at $500 each).

Even if this alternative doesn't appeal to the altruistic nerve of the AMS executive (assuming there is one), it may well be a politically wise move as it will go a long way towards despelling the hypocrisy that is evident when observing the antics of the ostensible champions of accessible education, our elected representatives.

Glen Harder
law 2

Ode to Carrot Muffins

UBC's carrot muffin recipe was developed in 1978 by food services manager Olga Rumen at the Bus Stop.

Our bakeshop produces three varieties of muffins daily but carrot muffins are by far the favourite.

So that you may continue to enjoy this popular recipe over the summer and in the years to come we have adjusted the quantities and tested the recipe for your home use.

Happy baking.

4 eggs
1½ c sugar
1½ c oil
3½ c whole wheat flour
2½ tsp. baking powder
1½ tsp. soda
¾ tsp. salt
2 tsp. cinnamon
¼ tsp. nutmeg
1 c crushed pineapple
2½ c shredded carrots
1 c chopped dates

Method:

Gradually beat sugar into eggs until light. Fold in oil. Combine flour, salt, soda, baking powder and spices.

Combine egg mixture with flour mixture, carrots, pineapple and dates. Do not over mix.

Fill muffin tins two-thirds full and bake at 350°F. 20-25 minutes. Yield: One and one-half dozen UBC size or two-dozen regular muffins.

Let Unity Be a Rule

Let the penny be a symbol of unity.

It has two sides which are opposite and no one can see both sides at the same time.

Yet it is a circle which has no sides and which is seen from every angle.

It is the quantum of human energy.

We see it every day.

Let us use it to remind us of the unity which already exists among all people, among all life.

We have simply forgotten.

All life is one. Let human energy serve life.

name withheld

Slick Bennett Rhetoric

Once again, premier Bennett is blackmailing British Columbians.

In his Mar. 29 broadcast, Bennett trotted out tired rhetoric and blamed trade unions for B.C.'s economic difficulties. All of a sudden, B.C. can only "recover" if union rights are curtailed. Bennett did not inform us why this might be; perhaps his insight is derived from the same mystical process whereby a government "deficit" can exist alonside a $937 million surplus.

Anyway, Bennett warned us that tragic consequences await us unless non-union firms are allowed their "freedom". And to show us he means business, he's withholding all Expo 86 contracts until "labor strife" is cleared up. In short, if unionized workers don't agree to Bennett's schemes, they'll be personally responsible for denying Expo and jobs to Vancouver.

The man is quite slick, but he's also schizophrenic. When his government abolishes all the institutions which minimize class conflict — like the employment standards quarantees, Human Rights Commission and Rentalsman — what else can he expect but strife?

In his frantic rush to please the big money boys who are pulling his strings, our premier is looking increasingly silly.

Kevin Annett
law 1

From page 23

Those words, along with the sentence "Freedom is the right to say that 16 lines of writing equals four inches of print," were in his head as he wandered through the areas that were not under direct control of the Paper. All around him were the pols, short for politically uncorrect, who were the vast majority of the population of Student Union One. He listened for signs of unrest, but what had sounded like real feeling turned out to be only more bitching about monor details. "I tell you, there's never been a Ubyssey with an odd number of pages. I been keeping track," said Yaku. "Then why did they tell me my story was going to be on page 17?" demanded Monte Stewart. "Oh, pack it in," muttered Lorna Olson.

Then Beynon saw an old man, old enough to have remembered what it was like in the days of editors, staggering into the gallery lounge. Beynon followed him to where he was having some kind of altercation with the barman, a large, stout Victor Wong with enormous forearms. "I arst you civil enough, didn't I?" said Verne McDonald. "You telling me you ain't got drugs in the 'ole bleeding boozer?" Victor leaned on the bar. "Never heard of them. Bad beer and rotten booze, that's all we serve." Beynon offered the old man a drink, which was accepted with amazing speed, and they sat down. "You must have seen some changes," Beynon said tentatively. Verne looked around as if lizards were about to crawl into his eyes. "Beer was cheaper," he finally said. "Fifty cents a bottle. That was before the collective. And lots of drugs, all kinds." Beynon leaned closer. "Which collective?" he asked. But Verne had started clawing at his arms and it took several more drinks to bring him around.

"What about editors," Beynon persisted. "They had life and death powers over the staff, is that true? They could put your stories through a Deborah Mills or let it sink in an Ian Timberlake. They could call you lackeys and throw telephone books at you." The old man brightened. "Telephone books, eh? I remember when an editor, Tom Hawthorn, called me a lackey and threw a phone book that hit Heather Conn." The rest was gibberish and Beynon gave up in disgust; the old man's mind was a rubbish heap of old bits of cheese and Studebaker left fenders. He left the lounge and wandered through the pol section until he came to the same Trutch House where the old proprietor, Bill Tieleman, had sold him the copy paper he had used to begin his journal.

Mr. Bill talked him into buying a Mary Jewell with something pink and friendly inside, then showed him a room where there was an old-fashioned bookself with some ancient bound volumes on it. "Don't see headlines like this anymore. Look. Go suck a lemon, say the librarians. Not bad, eh?" Beynon implored the grizzled hack to tell him more. "Well, the second deck ran, You're three credits short, say the . . . hmm, I can't remember the rest. But it contained all the truths, at least all the important truths, of Student Union One. But anyway, why don't you find some feeling individual of intelligence and rent this room so you can come here and discuss philosophy? I won't tell the Correctness Police, nudge, nudge, wink, wink." Beynon shivered. He had found out the long-haired woman's name was Patti Flather and had decided to commit lovecrime. Mr. Bill chuckled. "I do remember how that headline ended: Here comes a cutback to decrease your knowledge. A fee hike will keep the poor out of college." Beynon went home to sleep and to prepare for the next day's work at the ministry of goodness.

What troubled Beynon as he set out to work, besides the possibility of correctnesscrime with Patti, was that he knew the Paper did not contain the full truth. He knew, for instance, that the Paper had not always been at war with Eastcanada, but with Peter Coupland at some point, though he himself had worked long hours over mastheads proving no one knew where Coupland was. He had also held in his hands certain proof the Paper had lied. Once, when correcting a masthead, he had run across a scrap of paper pasted to the wall which said that Eric Eggertson, Nancy Campbell and Shaffin Shariff were together at a CUPSOC conference soon after the Revolution which had done away with editors. Though it was back in the murky days of the ascendance of Big Bureau, Beynon remembered the masthead had been written on the same date that later editions claimed was the day those original Inner paper members had confessed to conspiring to become editors. He had quickly placed the crucial evidence on a memory hole, but he had never forgotten what he'd seen.

When he contacted Patti eventually, he was overjoyed to find that she disagreed with the Mark Weislers who did their best to conform with the Mark Neilsons, and who, in the news-speak phrase, could Saywell, or goodspeak, to Trish. Beynon and Patti met in the room in Trutch House, talking about Marcel Proust except when Bruce Campbell and Ken Anderlini would start discussing politics downstairs. After Patti had nonchalantly pounded her foot on the floor, she would find Beynon curled in a fetal position, terrorized "They're only radicals. What's wrong with rads?" she'd say. "Please, please, don't talk about rads," whimpered Beynon.

At last Beynon and Patti talked to O'Brian, who told them about the Sibliinghood and gave them a copy of the songbook. O'Brian even knew how the rest of the headline ran: "Go suck a lemon, say the librarians/You're three credits short, say the profs of Buchanan/Give us more money, says the student executive/Come back when you're rich, says the governing board/Here comes a fee hike to take all your bread/Here comes a cutback to chop off your head." They took the songbook back to their room, where they stood at the window watching Sarah Cox in the alleyway below, hanging up endliess rows of battle fatigues on a party line and singing: "It was only a hopeless fancy/It passed like an April day/A word and a look was all it took/To make me go away/They say that time heals all things/They say you can always forget/But position papers and political lepers/They twist my meanings yet." That's the trouble with the Paper, thought Beynon, there aren't any decent songs. "We are the dead," he said. "We are the dead," echoed Patti dutifully.

"You are the dead," said Peter Berlin's voice from the hidden terminal behind them. They sprang apart as position papers with their names on them rolled downward. "Now they can vote us in," said Patti. "Now we can vote you in," said the terminal. "I suppose we may as well go insane," said Patti. "You may as well go insane," said the voice, adding, "And by the way, while we're on the subject, here comes a fee hike to take all your bread, here comes a cutback to chop off your head." Chris Mousseau and Rob Handfield crashed into the room to lead them away, and as they passed Mr. Bill at the door it occured to Beynon that for the first time in his life he was looking, with knowledge, at a member of the Correctness Police.

Beynon did not know how long he had been sitting in the cell in the ministry of love, with Frances Lew, Paul Mlodzik, Scott Sleep and Jim Slaughter ranged around him on the benches whenever guard Jack Tieleman was not telling jokes that had them all on the floor screaming in pain. Prisoners came and went Charlie made a vague appearance, saying, "I must have written something that looked like a position paper. There is only one mistake, isn't there?" Soon after the guards threw a tall, thin man like a skin-covered skeleton into the cell. Later Gordon Clark opened the door, a rubber truncheon in his hand, and called out, "Doug Schmidt. Room 241." Schmidt started shrieking. "Not 241! I'll do anything, betray anyone. It was Robby Robertson's fault, no, maybe Muriel's. Take her, not me. Not 241!" He was dragged out, weeping.

The door opened again and Beynon heard his own name called. He looked up. "Warren O'Brien!" he cried. "They've got you too." With mild irony, O'Brian twirled the propellor on his beanie and said, "You know it's really me. They got me a long time ago. You knew this, Beynon. Don't deceive yourself. You did know it — you have always known it." Gordon stepped forward and Beynon resigned himself to the bad joke he knew was coming. What would it be, a pun, a limerick? A one-liner! Beynon lay shrieking on the floor, Gordon above him chuckling. "Hertscheg, eh Harry?" In the face of puns like that, there are no heroes, no heroes, thought Beynon as he writhed clutching his disabled sense of humor.

He came to looking up into O'Brian's kindly face. "I told you once we would meet in the place where there is no parking. If I am to help you rid yourself of your delusions about Big Bureau and the Paper, you must tell me truthfully what it is you want. "Beynon answered, "Justice, why not?" O'Brian shook his head. "Justin Wyatt? I would think there's your least worry," he said. "Lisa Morry?" Beynon murmured as he lost consciousness. But even as he faded, he knew he could hold out against the puns and never betray Patti.

"You're holding back on me, Beynon. I'm afraid you will have to go to room 241," O'Brian said one pressday. "What's in room 241?" Beynon said. "You know the answer already. Everyone knows it. The thing that is in room 241 is the worst thing in the world." O'Brian held up a piece of Beynon's copy. "How many inches is it? Answer truthfully." Beynon looked at the 16 typewritten lines. "Four," he said. "And if the Paper says it will be three?" Beynon trembled. "It should be kept. It has to be four." O'Brian released Beynon with a little push toward the guards. "Room 241," he said.

In room 241 there was a cage holding Keith Baldrey and George Hermanson. Beynon shivered and cringed at the sight of the radicals. O'Brian pointed to a lever on the cage door. "When I pull this lever, the rads will begin to tell you about dialictical materialism. They usually start with a dissertation on worker alienation from the means of production, then go on to discuss class struggle . . . " Beynon's voice was weak as he interrupted. "Gee, if it's just a matter of saying that 16 lines of copy can become three inches of print . . . "O'Brian waved his hand. "That's not enough many more." He reached for the lever and Beynon was suddenly shouting, "Do it to Pattil Do it to Patti! Not me! I don't care if you pervert all her ideals! Do it to Patti! Not me !" Then he was falling backwards, into enormous depths, away from the rads.

Beynon sat in the gallery lounge, sipping Victory Beer and listening to a terminal tell of how the Paper had won yet another glorious victory over the AMS. The Paper is truly great, he thought. He had won the victory over himself. He loved Big Bureau.

PANGO PANGO (UNS) - Hairy puce blorgs on this tiny island community launched a massive protest Monday against the island newspaper, The Daily Blah, for stopping publication for the summer.

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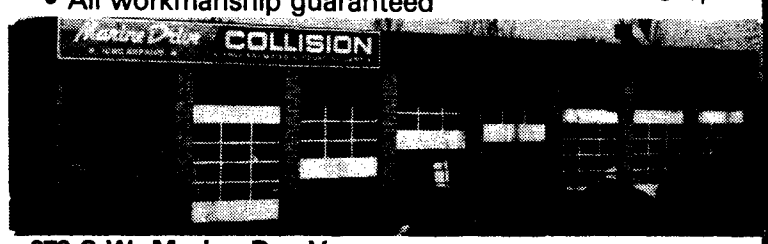

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Year in review

Year of striking differences

Socreds cut universities and raised fees while most students remain quiet.

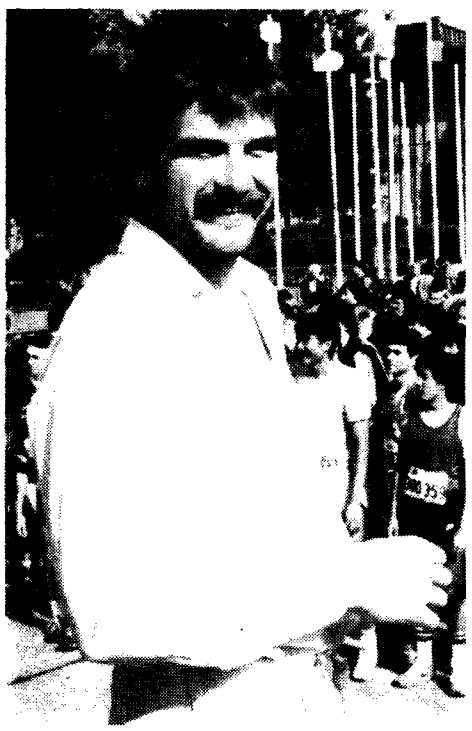
By ROBERT BEYNON

The day UBC's board of governors raised tuition fees by 33 per cent, one student vying for a student council position told an all-candidates meeting he would produce a quality yearbook and directory if elected.

Through a window behind him, students watched a growing group carrying placards march up East mall in protest of the fee increase. Only two candidates at the forum even addressed the issue.

While the students discussed other money making projects, UBC faced the greatest fiscal crisis of its 60 year history: a $18 million budget deficit.

But the meeting was typical of students' priorities this year. They generally showed little interest when the provincial government cut funding and programs. And as they remained conspicuously silent, universities and colleges desperately sought for ways to cope with the cuts.



HETMAN . . . wishy-washy

Socreds change system

The Social Credit government began restructuring B.C.'s post-secondary education system last June, shortly after its re-election in May. First, it changed the student aid criteria, making students take more courses to obtain financial assistance and abandon parental help.

When questioned about the new aid criteria — now the toughest in Canada — education ministry information officer Dick Melville, said: "Single parents will have to make some adjustments."

The attitude that British Columbians would have to adapt figured largely in Socred thinking as the government proceeded to alter the education system even more dramatically by its July budget. The budget decreased student aid by 40 per cent or $8 million over last year. It failed to pass on an eight per cent increase in federal funding for universities and colleges, and operating grants were frozen at last year's levels.

University faculty expressed concern the new Public Sector Restraint Act jeopardized tenure. "The ramifications are very odious," said NDP MLA Lorne Nicholson. "B.C. will be blackballed."

Despite these drastic changes, universities minister Pat McGeer failed to find time to speak to student council representatives about educational issues. He promised he would contact them when he had time, but he never found it.

From July until October, the government consistently denied that it had broken a federal-provincial agreement on student aid which said provincial increases were not to follow a federal increase in loans. "What we provide is a very generous student assistance program," said McGeer at the Socred convention in Hotel Vancouver in October.

And when 50,000 people, including a handful of UBC students, marched past the convention in protest of the government's policies the Socreds sneered. They once again displayed their failure to recognize opposition.

The government only appeared willing to modify its policies when the Solidarity coalition and Operation Solidarity said they would organize a general strike in response to the July 7 budget and accompanying legislation.

But in a bid to temper any job action, premier Bill Bennett gave a televised address urging B.C. government employees to return to the bargaining table. Operation Solidarity leader Art Kube said union members were willing to walk the line Oct. 31 to pressure government to keep its employees seniority intact. Although the date quickly passed, the government did not respond. A round of escalating strikes began which brought B.C. dangerously close to a full scale general strike.

OTEU . . . sought student support

STUDENTS . . . buried education while board raised fees

After two weeks of job action, union boss Jack Munro settled the dispute with Bennett in his Kelowna home. The agreement basically only secured the B.C. government employees' demands, neglecting other human rights and education. Many members of the Solidarity coalition said they felt betrayed. Canadian Federation of Students-Pacific executive officer Donna Morgan was among them. "I fee todaya lot of energy has been defused. I sense there is not enough energy for a comeback," she said.

After the almost general strike, students awaited the outcome of the government's tinkering with education. In mid January, acting against the advice of an education ministry report completed the summer before, the government announced it would close David Thompson University Centre in Nelson, the only degree granting institution outside the lower mainland.

Government officials again justified the move by the mythical "Restraint." "Economically it was not feasible to continue," said Melville, ever handy with an excuse.

For Nelson's depressed local economy the centre was an economic necessity. Although the government would only save $2.7 million by the move, it surged ahead with its plans.

The closure was a sign that the Socreds were becoming even more cynical. In the Feb. 20 budget, they abolished student grants for those needing assistance and finalized plans to cut university funding by five per cent.CFS Pacific chair Stephen Leary said the abolishing of student grants was the greatest attack on post secondary education in B.C. The funding decrease, expected to be six per cent, was not any sort of victory," he said.

The government later introduced a student capital venture program to provide jobs for a minimum of 2,000 B.C. students. Under the program, students are loaned money to create their own summer businesses. Tami Roberts, incoming chair of CFS-Pacific, said the program is loony. "Who's going to take a loan when they're a student and only have four months to work?"

Because of growing conflict between the government and B.C.'s universities, federal secretary of state Serge Joyal visited Vancouver in late March to meet with faculty and students. "The government of B.C. as well as others is making serious errors with its post-secondary education policies," he said.

Joyal said provinces had a duty to pass on federal transfer payments to education and money intended for student aid — which found its way only into Socred pockets.

But Bennett's government did not respond to his comments. The Socreds were succeeding they had pushed their policies through the legislature. After their second budget there was little opposition. Few marched. Few rallied. By the end of the 1983-84 academic year, the government had changed B.C.'s education system for good.

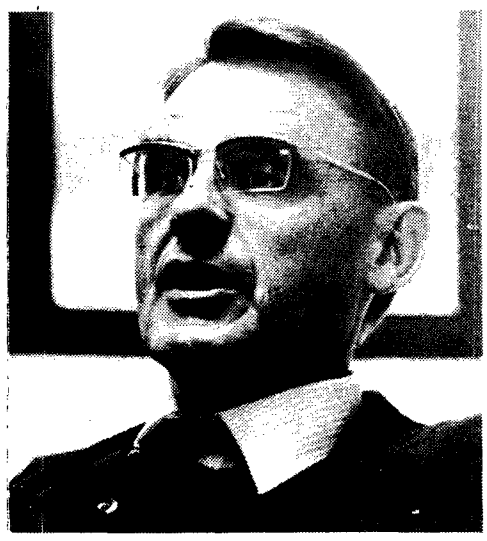
In response to the government's drastic measures, UBC's new administration president George Pedersen originally offered his "open administrative style." But by year's end his attempts at conciliation proved futile.

UBC: "Cuts that don't heal"

Pedersen came to UBC from Simon Fraser University last April with high hopes of attracting private sector funding for UBC. He said he wanted to emulate American universities' style of attracting large sums of money for education.

His house was renovated at a cost of $500,000 in a bid to gain the capital. He and his wife were supposed to host public functions — but the functions have yet to be held.

When he assumed office in July, he appeared to be ready for a fight with the government. But as fall drew closer UBC faced a small deficit of $3.2 million. Pedersen even suggested that the provincial government allow UBC to run a budget deficit as a last resort. Universities minister McGeer said the government would take the university to court if it ran a deficit because it breached the University's Act. The new president could have been thrown in jail.



McGEER . . . unreceptive

Ignoring the government's resistance to supply more funding, Pedersen spoke to the local media and public groups hoping to influence the government through public pressure.

"A government which continues to spend millions of dollars on roads to high income condos in ski resorts while cutting expenditures on salmon enhancement or reforestation is exercising a discretionary choice, not responding to limits on ability to pay," Pedersen said, quoting a B.C. economist.

The public was receptive to his concerns but failed to pressure the government into making education a priority.

As November creeped in with its threat of a general strike, the administration faced a dilemma: would it penalize students who missed exams and handed term papers in late

See page 27: STUDENTS

Vista

And now, the end is near, I'm about to reach, the final VISTA. While this, has been fun at times, I'm just about, to puke all over. It's time, for someone new, 'cause I'm, becoming snarly. Oh yes, I think she'll be, someone named Charlie. (Not sung to Say, Say Say)

Music

CAMPUS SOUNDS

Vancouver Society for Early Music: Montreal Singers, Three Ladies of Ferrar, virtuoso vocal music, April 7, 8 p.m., **Recital Hall.**

NITECLUBBING

VCC BIG BAND: under direction of local saxophonist Dave Branter, April 12, **Hot Jazz,** 2120 Main, 873-4131.
Chief Feature: with Hugh Fraser on bone back from Banff, April 8, **Classical Joint,** 231 Carrall, 689-0667.
Bill Runge: his hot jazz quintet, April 15, **Classical Joint.**

CONCERT CONNECTION

Corsage/Enigmas/Naked Edge: come see Phil Smith molest a Heineken bottle and sing some hot rock and roll that would make Jim Morrison blush, April 6, **Commodore.**
Rough Trade: featuring Carol Pope — soon to be Pepsi commercial star, April 16, **Commodore.**
Dave Swarbrick/Simon Nicol: former members of Fairport Convention — two great folk violinists, April 8, **La Quena,** 1111 Commercial, 251-6626.
Vancouver New Music Society: a varied program of works by a national roster of associate composers of the Canadian Music Centre, April 8, 8 p.m., **Vancouver East Cultural Centre,** 1895 Venables, 254-9578.
Taj Mahal: the Maharashi's hipster saint, April 11-12, **Soft Rock Cafe.**
The Romantics/Wang Chung: Detroit power pop combined with a strangely named group, April 23, War Memorial Gym.
Obo Addy/Kukrudu: more great African sounds coming to Vancouver, April 15, **New York Theatre,** 639 Commercial, 254-8789.

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Movies

REPERTORY CINEMA

Ridge Theatre (16th and Arbutus, 738-6311) **Confidentially Yours,** a film by Francios Truffaut, 7:15 and 9:30 p.m.
Vancouver East Cinema (7th and Commercial, 253-5455) April 6-8: **Flashdance,** 7:30 p.m.; **Starstruck,** 9:15 p.m. April 9-10: **Testament,** 7:30 p.m.; **Daniel,** 9:15 p.m. April 11-12: **The Stuntman,** 7 p.m.; **The Ruling Class,** 9:20 p.m. April 13-15: **The Big Chill,** 7:30 p.m.; **Educating Rita,** 9:30 p.m.
Savoy Cinema (2321 Main, 872-2124) April 6-8/April 13-15: **Three Stooges Film Festival.** April 9-10: **D.O.A.,** 7:30 p.m.; **The Punk Rock Movie,** 9:15 p.m. April 11-12: **Love and Death,** 7:30 p.m.; **Play It Again Sam,** 9:15 p.m.

Stage

EXIT, STAGE LEFT

Amadeus: a thriller set in the backdrop of the late 18th century Viennese court, until April 21, **Q.E. Playhouse,** 873-3311.
Dial M For Murder: an ingenious tale of suspense and intrigue, until April 21, **Arts Club Granville Island,** 687-1644.
The Chairs: Eugene Ionesco's absurd farce, **Arts Club Seymour,** until April 7, 687-1644.
Checkin' Out: a new Canadian comedy by Kelly Rebar, until April 21, **Firehall Theatre,** 280 E. Cordova, 689-0926.
The Patrick Pearse Motel: a hilarious comedy by Hugh Leonard, April 6-7, 10-14, **James Cowan Theatre,** 6450 Gilpin, Burnaby, 321-6500.
The Hotel Baltimore: presented by First Impressions Theatre, April 19-May 12, **Presentation House,** 333 Chesterfield, 986-1351.
Scapino: a farce which highlights the escapades of a devilishly charming rogue, until April 14, **Studio 58,** 100 W. 49th, 324-5227.

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Exhibits

ESOTERICA

Patrick Gourley: his exhibition Open — large mixed-media works, until April 28, **Contemporary Art Gallery,** 555 Hamilton, 687-1345.
Jeannie Kamins: displays her imaginative and highly charming approach to recycling fabric, until April 7, **Unit/Pitt Gallery,** 163 W. Pender, 681-6740.
Bruno Bobak: selected works — 1943-1980, **Burnaby Art Gallery,** 6344 Gilpin, 291-9441.
Tom Knott: new assemblage sculpture, **Presentation House,** 333 Chesterfield, 986-1351.
Lifestyle Counterattack: featuring 35 of the top North American health professionals including Ralph Nader, **SFU,** 873-8262.
Ellipsis: featuring Sandra Acton and Dancers, April 7-8, **Western Front,** 303 E. 8th, 682-8098.

Tween Classes

TODAY

HISTORY STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION
End of the Year Party: come dressed as your favourite historical character, admission $1, 7:30 p.m.-12 a.m., grad centre garden room.

BAHA'I CLUB
Introductory film on the Baha'i faith and their international activities, noon, International House lounge.

BALLET UBC JAZZ
Registration for spring classes, 12:30-1:30 p.m., SUB concourse.

GAYS AND LESBIANS OF UBC
Yes, indeed, we are having a meeting at 4:30 p.m. in the Gallery Lounge.

THURSDAY

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE ORGANIZATION
Weekly testimonial meeting, all welcome, 1:30 p.m., SUB 215.

UBC FEE-HIKE STRIKE COMMITTEE
Open meeting, 1:30 p.m., Buch. D238.

OFFICE OF THE REGISTRAR
Admission and advisors' night for prospective and returning students for spring and summer courses, 6-8 p.m., International House lounge.

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20 — HOUSING

NEW 1 BDRM STE. for rent. May 1-Aug.31. West 18th-close to Dunbar. 732-1745 eves.

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35 — LOST

BILLY IDOL. Thursday, March 29th. Did you find my bracelet behind S.U.B. or in the S.U.B. parking lot the night of the show? Substantial reward. Phone 224-1937 or contact Lost & Found.

40 — MESSAGES

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"I sit alone with you inside my mind.
And in my dreams I've kissed your lips
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45 — PERSONALS

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65 — SCANDALS

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Students drink at pub, try all-new alternatives

From page 25

because they refused to cross picket lines? The university waffled. "I imagine if you have a policy giving faculty freedom of choice, then you have to apply that to students too," said Neil Risebrough, vice-provost of student affairs.

But the administration never took a public stand on the issue. Campus chaplain George Hermanson attributed the administration's failure to develop a policy to provincial government pressure.

Faculty members, who spoke out against the Public Sector Restraint Act since July, agreed to give part of their wages to the Solidarity Coalition during the strike, but could not agree to honor picket lines around campus.

Some academics who felt more strongly formed the committee of Concerned Academics and refused to cross picket lines. They held rallies every morning of the strike.

In December, Pedersen announced the deficit would be close to $18 million because the government indicated it would reduce funding by six per cent. Pedersen asked the board to double tuition fees over the next three years and introduce differential fees for foreign students to meet the growing budget shortfall.

"We have done some eyeballing at figures and ways we could use to solve this year's shortfall," he said.

In January, the board of governors did raise tuition fees by 33 per cent and introduce differential fees. The day before the decision, university's senate restricted enrolment for first year students entering UBC.

When the government delivered its Feb. 19 budget, faculty members became even more worried. "Already we've seen a tremendous decrease in the basic services that the university can provide," said Rich Spratley, research services director.

In March, faculty members realized they too were on the chopping block when they discovered the faculty association executive had come up with firing procedures worked out with the administration. Faculty censured the executive at a stormy meeting.

The firing plans gave the administration power to end programs and possibly departments. Pedersen was not fighting the Social Credit's policies any more, he was merely trying to administer the cuts, and save face.

Student representatives weak

This year the Alma Mater Society experienced deep divisions. In September, student council voted to join the Solidarity Coalition, although councillors spent more time debating the decision than any action taken around the cutbacks.

AMS president Mitch Hetman revealed he moonlighted during the summer, employed as both a carpenter in the Pit and as an executive member — two full-time jobs paid by students' money. At the fall student leadership conference, Hetman displayed his skills as a leader by borrowing a boat without the owner's permission. The police escorted him away from the site.

CFS successfully secured seven new members while only losing three this year, although UBC's council never established a clear position on the issue. But it decided to set the date for UBC's membership referendum next November.

As job action began to escalate in November, council made a serious blunder in implying that it supported the crossing of picket lines, and the hiring of scab labor.

Council's decisions sparked a strike of its own as unionized employees in the SUB business office set up pickets around the building. The Office and Technical Employees Union, without a contract for five months, felt the AMS negotiators were not bargaining in good faith. But management continued to operate the business office, and one AMS employee almost hit a striking worker with a truck while delivering goods to SUB. Hetman also delivered potato chips across the line.

The dispute ended after two and a half weeks when both sides signed a contract, giving an 11.5 per cent increase to the workers over two years. Although critics said the increase was too little, council asserted it did not have sufficient revenues to offer any higher. But in a startling contrast, the executive awarded its business manager a 10 per cent increase over only one year which would bring his earnings to $73,000.

Council's political inaction prompted several students to set up an alternative group called Students Against the Budget. SAB

SOBOLEWSKI . . . fasted

worked with the community campus alliance, and the Solidarity Coalition, both composed of groups opposing the July 7 budget. They organized teams of students to staff picket lines, and protested a visit by the Fraser Institute's Walter Block when he crossed their

PEDERSEN . . . talking up a storm

line. They also put together a mock funeral protesting UBC's massive tuition fee increases averaging 33 per cent this year.

In January two students received council's support to collect signatures for a petition opposing the fee increase. The 5,000 signatures did not dissuade the board.

The AMS established itself as an organization dedicated to profits, and not to students' concerns.

Uninterested generation

"Victim of the 80s," reads a T-shirt worn by a student. That about sums up our generation. We appear to be facing an ominous future, including high unemployment and nuclear war. We want to get ahead and scramble to the top because there will not be room there for all of us. We are individualistic, think we are realistic and we do not want to hear about causes.

As an example of student trends, student council has not emphasized politics for years. It wants to provide club space, a games room, cafeteria and two pubs for students.

Students now support radically different causes from the 60s. UBC has the largest intramural program in Canada.

When students did take political action this year, they chose non-traditional channels. The engineering students organized a letter campaign, and forestry students travelled to Victoria to protest the lack of reforestation in B.C.

Students gathered signatures to prompt a referendum on whether military research should be allowed on campus. The referendum held in January did not reach quorum, but the votes did favor ending military research.

Biology graduate student Andre Sobolewski fasted 40 days to protest the death of B.C.'s human rights commission, in the hope that his fast would raise public awareness about human rights.

Across Canada and at UBC students debated a series of issues, such as the cruise missile, the bill creating a federal secret service and women's image in society, particularly in violent pornography.

But students this year generally did not want to be involved. They were too busy drinking at the Gallery, UBC's trendy new pub. Social trends change slowly, and students will likely not be much different next year.

Until then, cheers.

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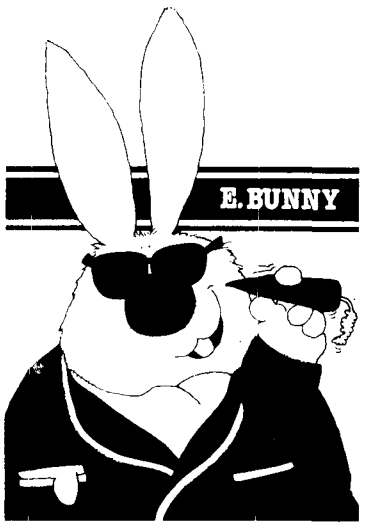

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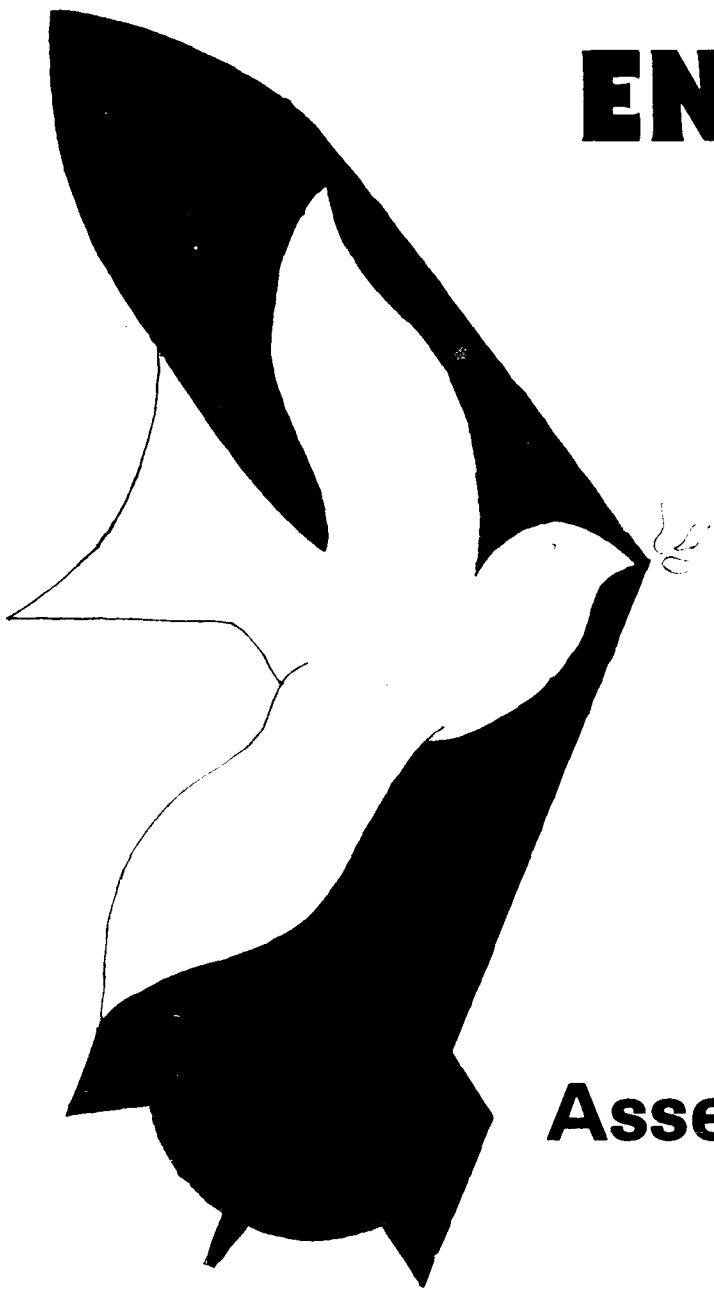

END THE ARMS RACE

WALK for PEACE

SATURDAY, APRIL 28

Assemble: 11:00 a.m., Kits Beach

Endorsed by over 180 students, church, community, labour, professionals, environmental, women's, ethnic and peace organizations.

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Gary Bank
Phil Bennett
David Berger
Azim Bhimji
Art Bomke
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Daphne Covernton
Mary Jane Cowan
Peter Cowsey
Doug DeJong
A. Demchuk & M. Wallace
Dianne Demille
Gary Dennis
Bob Devlin
Katherine Dobinson
Heidi Dopp
Mark Douse
Willa Downing
Judith Doyle
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Jim Firth
Patti Flather
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James Foulks
Glen Franklyn
Kathleen Garneau
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To find out about SPMD summer activities . . . . Mark: 228-5530; Jennifer: 732-8302; Gary: 734-2715.